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1811

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF *PEREGRINE PICKLE*,

WITH

THE MANY *DROLL TRICKS* THAT *PEREGRINE* PLAYED HIS *MOTHER* AND OTHERS;

ALSO

OF HIS TWO *COMPANIONS*,

HATCHWAY AND PIPES.

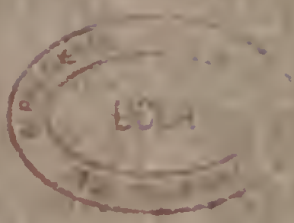
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ADVENTURES

OF

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

PEREGRINE PICKLE was the ſon of Mr. Gabriel Pickle, who had formerly kept a ſhop in London, but the profits of his trade not anſwering to his wiſhes, he retired to Cornwall, where he purchaſed an eſtate, and married a young lady, the daughter of a country gentleman. His ſiſter, Miſs Pickle, a maid of about forty, had been for ſeveral years his houſekeeper, but there being no occaſion for her in that capacity, after he was married, ſhe began to look out for a huſband. She was too old to attract the notice of the gentry, and becauſe her father had been once Lord Mayor of London, ſo ſhe could not bear the thought of giving her hand to a tradeſman.

It happened that in the ſame neighborhood lived Commodore Trunion, who had been bred up to the ſea, and ſpent moſt of his days in the

navy. He lived in a houſe fortified in the ſame manner as a caſtle, and beſides his domeſtics, he kept along with him one Lieutenant Hatchway and Tom Pipes, who had formerly been his boatſwain's mate. With theſe two he uſed to ſpend the evenings at a neighboring alehouſe, where he became acquainted with Mr. Pickle, and ſoon after propoſed marrying his ſiſter. Not that the commodore was in love, but that becauſe he could go no more to ſea, he propoſed to take a voyage in the ſea of matrimony. Like an honeſt tar he was downright in his propoſals, and as the lady found it would be needleſs to aſſume thoſe airs peculiar to her ſex, ſhe ſoon gave her conſent, and a day was fixed for the nuptials.

The commodore had purchaſed a couple of fine hunters for himſelf and the lieutenant, on which they mounted at nine in the morning to proceed for the church, but as he had never ſeen any thing but naval affairs, he reſolved to tack about with the wind, as if he had been on the ocean. It happened that the wind ſhifted about, and the commodore followed his courſe ſo long, that his bride waited for him at church with the utmoſt impatience. At laſt it was thought neceſſary to diſpatch a meſſenger in queſt of him, for he was ſo little acquainted with the church, that it was ſuppoſed he had miſtaken the road.

This, however, was not the caſe, for the meſſenger found him and his attendant veering about

with the wind like a fleet at ſea, and told him that the company were waiting for him at church. The commodore anſwered with great deliberation, that he had weighed anchor about nine in the morning, for the port of matrimony, but the wind had ſhifted ſo often about, that he believed he would not be able to get to the harbor that day. As the meſſenger did not know what he meant, he told him that he had no more to do than turn his horſe's head and follow him, by which they would be at the church in leſs than half an hour. The commodore was ſo much exaſperated at what the meſſenger ſaid, that he called him an ignorant fellow, who did not underſtand the trim of a veſſel, and therefore deſired him to ſheer off, or he would pour into him a whole broadſide. The meſſenger, who found what ſort of a perſon he had to deal with, left him, and returned back to the church, where he found the company, and the ceremony was obliged to be deferred till next day.

In the mean time the commodore kept ſhifting about with the wind, till the horſes on which he and Lieutenant Hatchway rode, heard the noiſe of huntſmen, and being well acquainted with the ſport, they ſet out at full gallop, leaving the reſt of the company to weather the ſtorm in the beſt manner they could. Both the commodore and lieutenant believed they were mounted on the back of devils incarnate, and giving up all for

loſt, dropped their whips, and held faſt by the pummels of their ſaddles. The horſe on which the lieutenant rode, was more nimble than the other, and getting before, he croſſed into a field of clover, which circumſtance gave Hatchway an oppertunity of throwing himſelf off, without receiving any other hurt than what aroſe from his fright.

In the mean time the commodore, who had dropped his hat and wig, came up, and ſeeing Hatchway, called out, "Hilloa! you have got ſafe into port, I wiſh to God I was moored." The commodore had ſome hopes that a five bargate that ſtood oppoſite to him, would ſtop the progreſs of his horſe, but no ſooner did he approach it, than he jumped over with as much eaſe as a cat would do over a harpſicord. He was now in a ſtate of inſenſibility, he knew not whether he was dead or alive, and at laſt coming to a highway, encloſed by two riſing grounds, the horſe jumped over it, to the no ſmall terror of a waggoner, who happened to be paſſing underneath.

By this time the commodore oververtook the horſe on which the lieutenant had rode, and both kept an equal pace together, till they came to the place where the huntſmen were aſſembled to ſee the death of the fox. The ſtrange figure of the commodore in his ſeamen's dreſs, joined to the loſs of his hat and wig, attracted the notice of the whole company, and led off their atten-

tion from poor Reynard, whose agility had furnished them with so much diversion. The two horses were exceeding good ones, and the 'squire who conducted the sport, asked the commodore if he would sell them: "Sell them! aye master; for they are above my weather gage, I have commanded a whole fleet, but was never so much out of my reckoning as to day." The 'squire finding that the commodore was a meer novice in land affairs, purchased the horses for one fourth of what they cost, and took the commodore home with him to his own house for the night. The company made themselves very merry at his expense, but as he knew nothing beyond sea terms, so he took no notice of them, and next day being properly equipped, he returned to the castle, where he found his old friend Lieutenant Hatchway. Next morning the wind happened to prove favorable, and lest he should once more get on the devil's back, he resolved to walk to the church on foot. Accordingly having dispatched Tom Pipes to inform his bride, the lady met him at the church, and the nuptial knot was tied. A grand entertainment was provided at the castle, but when the time came for the company to retire, an unlucky circumstance happened, which was no other than the want of a bed for the new married couple. The commodore was so much of a seaman, that he obliged every one in the castle to lay

in hammocks, which were ſlung up in the ſame manner as in ſhips.

The lady remonſtrated in the ſtrongeſt manner againſt lying in ſuch an indecent poſture, but by the perſuaſion of her brother and ſiſter in law, ſhe was induced to comply, and, being undreſſed, mounted the hammock to wait the arrival of her ſpouſe. Every thing being properly adjuſted for the reception of the commodore, he came into the room, or rather the cabin, where having drank a can of flip, and received three cheers, he got into the canvaſs vehicle, to the no ſmall terror of his lady, who imagined every moment that ſhe would tumble out at the other ſide. The company being now retired, the new married couple went to reſt, but no ſooner did morning arrive than the lady got up and diſpatched one of the ſervants to a neighboring town to purchaſe a genteel bedſtead, being now determined to aſſert her prerogative as a wife, and not be any longer ſubject to the whims and caprice of her huſband.

When the commodore ſaw the bed, he ſwore, curſed and blaſphemed, declaring that it ſhould be immediately conſigned to the flames, but by the interpoſition of Hatchway and Mr. Pickle, he was brought into a more reaſonable way of thinking, and to oblige his ſpouſe, conſented to lie in it, tho contrary to a reſolution he had formed many years before. The lady proceeded to make ſeveral other alterations in the caſtle, by turning off ſome of the old ſervants, and ordering

that the guns ſhould not be fired but in her abſence, leſt they ſhould frighten her ſo much as to occaſion an abortion. All theſe acts of a new reformation the commodore was obliged to comply with, and to conſole himſelf under what he conſidered as real afflictions, he ſpent more of his time than uſual at the alehouſe, curſing the day that ever he had weghed anchor for the port of matrimony.

The haughty domineering temper of the commodore's lady, made her odious to every one in the caſtle, but as her huſband was made to believe that ſhe was pregnant, ſo he bore with it for ſome time. At laſt, all hopes of an heir being vaniſhed, the lady took to the bottle and religion for conſolation, and the commodore reſolved to make young Peregrine his heir. Peregrine had been ſometime at a boarding ſchool, where he had played abundance of little knaviſh tricks, which were winked at by the uſher, who frequently received a gratuity from the commodore. But the uſher going away, Peregrine wrote a letter to the commodore, who was ſo much pleaſed with it, that he went to his father, and deſired he would ſuffer him to be brought up under his own direction.

By this time Mr. Pickle, who had another ſon as well as a daughter, looked on the propoſal as too valuable to be rejected, ſo that he inſtantly complied with it, eſpecially as for reaſons unknown, the mother had conceived the utmoſt

averſion for her eldeſt ſon. In conſequence of this permiſſion, Hatchway was diſpatched the ſame day in a poſt chaiſe to the ſchool, and brought young Peregrine home, who was now in his eleventh year, and began to diſplay ſo much genius, that every one was charmed with him. His aunt the lady of the commodore, was ſo much inured to dram drinking, that when Peregrine was preſented to her, ſhe ſeemed to take no notice of him, but thro the perſuaſion of Hatchway ſhe came down into the parlor, and received him with ſeeming marks of reſpect. Next day the commodore took him to viſit his parents, but how great was his ſurpriſe, when he found that his mother declared that he was not her ſon, for that he had died when only a child. This, however, made no other impreſſion on the commodore, beſides that of making him love the boy more than ever, and therefore he took him along with him to the caſtle, reſolving to beſtow that parental care and tenderneſs upon him which his mother had denied him, altho ſhe knew it was her duty.

Tom Pipes, who all his life time had been accuſtomed to the practice of miſchievious tricks, became, as it were by ſympathy, the favorite of young Peregrine, who had one of the moſt fertile geniuſſes that ever fell to the ſhare of one of his age. As the commodore's lady often retired to her cloſet in the evening, under pretence of devotion, but in reality to indulge herſelf with

her favorite liquors, ſo our young ſpark, with the aſſiſtance of the artful Tom Pipes, reſolved to torment her with the fear of hell and the devil. Sometimes they would climb up to the window of her cloſet at midnight, and imitate the ſcreaming of an owl, or ſome other frightful creature, which operated ſo ſtrongly upon her diſtempered imagination, that ſhe began to think the grand adverſary of mankind had come to take her away before her time.

But the bent of their miſchievous inclinations was not confined to the lady, for they actually directed it againſt the commodore himſelf. The commodore had the utmoſt averſion to attornies ever ſince a knaviſh one had tricked him in a lawſuit, and therefore our adventurers reſolved to try his patience on that head, or rather to torment him, as if they had been devils incarnate. Accordingly, they forged a letter to a country attorney, in the name of the commodore, deſiring him to call next day.

The attorney, who doubted not but he would be able to fleece the old commodore of ſome hundreds, came to the caſtle at the hour of dinner, and Tom Pipes going up ſtairs, deſired his commander to come down to the parlor, to ſpeak to a gentleman who waited for him. This put the commodore into a moſt violent paſſion, becauſe he was diſturbed in the middle of his meſs, but recollecting what Pipes ſaid of the buſineſs being urgent, he went down, and demanded what

the gentleman wanted with him. The attorney told him that he came according to an order he received from him, and the ſooner the buſineſs was diſpached the better. "True, ſaid the commodore, mad with indignation," and lifting up his ſtick, gave him ſuch a blow that he fell flat on the ground. He then hopped up to his chamber to finiſh his dinner, congratulaing himſelf that he had knocked out the brains of a roguiſh lawyer.

As ſoon as the attorney had recovered himſelf, ſo as to be able to get up, he looked about him, to ſee whether he could not procure evidence to ſupport an action on the caſe for an aſſault, but ſeeing none, he crawled up to the dining room, where the commodore was finiſhing his meſs, and told him that if there was any law in England, he would puniſh him to the utmoſt rigour of it. He then produced the forged letter, which had been ſent in the name of the commodore, but no ſooner had the old man read it, than he ordered the attorney to be toſſed in a blanket in the caſtle-yard. Hatchway and Pipes performed the operation with ſo much dexterity, that the ſkin of the limb of the law, was as diſfigured as any ſheet of parchment that ever iſſued from his office. The attorney having received this wholeſome diſcipline, was then ducked in a horſepond, and was left to purſue his journey home in the beſt manner he could. Stimulated with motives of revenge, he brought

his action for damages againſt the commodore, and the affair was tried at the next aſſizes. Several witneſſes were examined, but as ill luck would have it, not one could prove a ſingle circumſtance, ſo that the attorney was non-ſuited, to the no ſmall pleaſure of many perſons preſent, whom he had by his pernicious advice, led into vexatious law-ſuits, and actually ruined, under pretence of promoting their intereſt.

Their next exploit was much more diverting, and conducted by the very ingenious Tom Pipes. The hide of a large ox was made choice of, and being properly ſtuffed, the jaw bone of a ſhark was fixed to his face, with two large glaſs eyes. Within were ſeveral matches burning, which gave the whole the moſt dreadful appearance, and this was fixed near the bedchamber of the commodore. No ſooner did the commodore ſee the dreadful apparition ſpewing out blue fire, than he imagined himſelf in hell, for few people in the world are more ſuperſtitious than ſeamen. His courage, however, did not forſake him, for lifting up his ſtick, he ſtruck it ſuch a blow, that one of the horns was almoſt fractured. He then took to his heels, but could not run long, when he ſunk down with fear; for he believed the artificial apparition to be the devil. Tom Pipes, who beheld the whole, was not willing to loſe any part of the diverſion, and therefore juſt as the commodore was beginning to faint, he ran to-

wards him and tripped up his heels. The commodore being in some measure recovered by his fears rather than the hope of delivery, called out in the most vociferous manner, upon which the servants came to his assistance. They found him in a cold sweat, for fear had impaired both his senses and faculties, so that he was little better than a dead man. Hatchway endeavored to raise him up, and enquiring into the cause of his misfortune, was told by the commodore, that he had met Davy Jones (the name given by the sailors to the devil) and that he knew him by his saucer eyes. It is very remarkable, that of all injuries, those that we receive in youth make the most lasting impression, especially when they are accompanied with circumstances of an aggravating nature. It seems that while the commodore was only a school boy, he had been detected in stealing deer, and being carried before a neighboring justice, his worship used him in so cruel a manner, that he was obliged to content himself with a place in the county goal. There he remained near a year, and his relations refusing to do any thing for him, he was obliged to embrace the alternative, either to remain in prison, or go on board of a ship. He chose the latter, and having undergone all those hardships that are connected with naval affairs, he conceived the utmost aversion to all those related to him, and refused to have any connection with them for the future.

Peregrine, who was acquainted with every particular of this affair, told Hatchway and Pipes that he would have a notable piece of fun at his uncle's expenſe. The propoſal was reliſhed by the two confederates, and it was agreed upon between them, that a proper perſon ſhould be made choice of, to come to the commodore with a forged letter, in the name of that relation, who of all the others, had uſed him with the greateſt cruelty. The perſon made choice of for this purpoſe, was the exciſeman of the pariſh: and having received directions, he went one morning to the commodore, about two hours before the uſual time of his getting up. The commodore ſwore he would not come down till the uſual time of turning out, but the exciſeman having told the ſervant that his buſineſs was of the moſt urgent nature, he reſolved to comply.

Having crept out of his bed, he made ſhift to crawl down ſtairs, grumbling and curſing all the way for being diſturbed of his reſt. When he came into the the parlor, the ſuppoſed relation addreſſed himſelf to him in all the fulſome flattery that has an effect on weak minds; but the commodore, who did not reliſh any thing of that nature, deſired him to give over his compliments, and come to the point at once.

Upon that the ſtranger preſented him a letter, written, as he ſaid, by that uncle who had uſed him with ſo much cruelty while he was in priſon, for ſtealing the deer; and to add the more to

the aggravation that it muſt neceſſarily occaſion, he told him that he had been to him one of the kindeſt relations that ever lived.

It is impoſſible to diſcribe the perturbation of mind which the commodore felt, when he read the letter, and at laſt loſing all manner of patience, he tore it into a thouſand pieces, and trod upon the fragments on the floor. He curſed all his relations to the loweſt pit of hell, and declared that he would not give one farthing, or the value of a rope's end, to keep them above board.

The exciſeman who was no ſtranger to the character of the commodore, began to conſider himſelf in perilous circumſtances, and therefore walked towards the door, in order to procure a retreat, not doubting but he would be able to make the commodore hearken to the voice of reaſon. He then told the commodore that he was one of the moſt ungrateful wretches in the world, for uſing his own relations in ſo ſhameful a manner, and concluded, by aſking him what he thought they would ſay of ſuch unnatural behavior.

The commodore could conceal his reſentment no longer, and turning to Tom Pipes, ordered him to take his ſuppoſed relation to the gangway. and there give him a round dozen doubled. Tom, tho an accomplice in the whole of the ſcheme, yet obeyed his orders with dexterity and punctuality. He called on ſome of the ſervants

to assist him, who readily obeyed, and the poor gauger was conducted over the draw bridge to the yard, where he was tied to a stake, in order to undergo proper discipline. He still imagined that Tom Pipés was in jest, but that arch-rogue who was not too fond of what we call moral obligations, having tied him so fast, that he could not well make his escape, went in search of a rope for the intended operation. When he arrived, the excisemen told him that he hoped he was not in earnest, to which Tom answered, he was very sorry for the part he was to act, but as his master's orders were absolute he was obliged to comply with them. He then undressed the poor excisemen, and gave him such a hearty flogging, that he cursed the day he had ever been engaged in such an undertaking, threatning at the same time to reveal the whole scheme to the commodore. From doing that, however, he was prevented by Lieutenant Hatchway, who told him that if he made the affair public, he would be found guilty of perjury, for he had personated the name of a man with whom he was utterly unacquainted. This served to silence the excisemen, who as soon as he was loosed from the post, took to his heels with the utmost expedition, and ran home to his wife, who waited for him with the utmost impatience.

It cannot be supposed that such a species of fraud and mischief, should be long carried on

without detection, and the commodore having revolved all the circumſtances in his mind, charged young Perrigrine with it. At firſt the boy denied the whole, but when he had received a ſevere flogging, he made an ample confeſſion, which ſo much exaſperated the commodore, that he reſolved to turn Hatchway out of the caſtle. But he had been ſo long accuſtomed to the ſociety of the lieutenant, as well as Pipes, that he could not live without them, ſo that they were both freely forgiven.

In the mean time young Peregrine made ſuch progreſs in learning, that it was propoſed to ſend him to ſome public ſchool, and that of Wincheſter was made choice of by his tutor, and approved of by the commodore. Indeed the commodore's lady had ſeveral reaſons for wiſhing to get rid of our adventurer; for, beſides his many knaviſh pranks, ſhe conſidered him as a ſpy on her conduct. Mr Jolter, a reverend clergyman, of very high notions, was made choice of and recommended by the parſon of the pariſh to be tutor to young Peregrine. Jolter was not a bad ſcholar, but he had lived ſo long in a college, that his temper was ſoured, ſo that no perſon could have been made choice of more improper for ſuperintending the education of a young gentleman. Tom Pipes, who had been long accuſtomed to jacket and trowſers, was put into a ſuit of decent livery, in order to attend our adventurer and parſon

jolter as a footman. The commodore proposed, that they should set out to take leave of the young gentleman's father, but the mother refused to see him, so unnatural was she to her child, for reasons that no one could account for. The commodore, however, made up all that was wanting in the affections of the parents, for he adopted young Peregrine as his heir, and settled him at Winchester on the most genteel footing. The commodore's lady made a handsome present to Mr. Jolter, as a reward for his piety, and Hatchway insisted on staying at the school along with Peregrine. He told the commodore, that he had some thoughts of learning the latin lingo, altho he did not at that time know the difference between a noun and a verb. The commodore expostulated with the lieutenant on the impropriety of thinking to learn latin at such a period of life, and as he could not bear the thought of living without him, he told him, that if he would return to the castle, he would give him leave to visit young Peregrine once every month. Hatchway was not such a fool, but he could feel the force of what was said by the commodore, and therefore having given up all thoughts of learning Latin, he took leave of our young gentleman, tho not without shedding tears. He said he was sure the young dog had bewitched him, for he could not look at him without loving him. Indeed there was such an honest sim-

plicity in the lieutenant, that he thought well of all human race, and could not help loving ſuch as were young.

Peregrine had not been long at the ſchool, when his genius began to diſtinguiſh itſelf in a moſt conſpicuous manner. His pupil was ſuch an arrant pedant, that he ſeemed a very proper object for him to exercile his ingenuity upon, and therefore be began by mixing brandy and other ſtrong liquors with his tea, ſo that he was often intoxicated without knowing the cauſe. By ſuch practices he brought the character of his tutor into the utmoſt contempt, and to complete the farce, Peregrine was choſen *Dux* or head of a ſelect number of boys, who reſolved to ſhake off all obedience to their tutors. The head maſter having received information of the proceedings, ſent for Mr. Jolter, and told him that he muſt keep a more ſtrict watch over the morals of his pupil, otherwiſe he would corrupt one half of the boys in the ſchool.

Mr. Jolter was a good deal diſcompoſed when he received the information, but as nothing could be more juſt or reaſonable, he went home, and called Peregrine into his room. He repeated to him the dangerous conſequences of ſuch practices, and the diſgrace he would bring upon himſelf and relations, unleſs there was ſome change in his conduct.

Peregrine, though a wild youth, was not deſtitute of good ſenſe, and therefore ſeeing the pro-

priety of what was ſaid by his tutor, he promiſed to be more obedient for the future.

Mr. Jolter was ſo overjoyed at this inſtance of his pulpil's docility, that he reſolved to improve it to the beſt advantage, and therefore propoſed to him the ſtudy of the mathematicks, as the only ſcience that can enlarge the mind, by leading it off from objects of a trifling nature. The young gentleman entered upon the ſtudy with the utmoſt pleaſure, but no ſooner had gone through the firſt two books of Euclid than he became ſo much diſguſted with the whole ſcience, that he declared he would not purſue it any further. In vain did Mr. Jolter remonſtrate to his pupil on the great impropriety of his conduct; the young gentleman remained inexorable, and nothing could induce him to proceed any further. Indeed he ſhook off all manner of reſtraint, he refuſed to be obedient to his tutor any longer, upon which the head maſter deſired Mr. Jolter to write to the commodore, that he might as ſoon as poſſible remove Tom Pipes from attending on Peregrine, for that antiquated ſeaman was now become a general nuiſance to the whole ſchool.

The truth is, Tom Pipes was at the head of every ſcene of miſchief, and nothing ſeemed to give him ſo much pleaſure, as that of tormenting his fellow creatures. He mingled in all their diverſions, and decided in every controverſy that aroſe between them. He regulated

their manual exercise by his whistle, and he prescribed rules to each of them according to their different ages. Indeed Tom Pipes was in a manner become so necessary to the boys, that it could be supposed that they would part with him without an insurrection taking place. Peregrine was sensible of this, and therefore on promising to be more circumspect, in the rest of his conduct, Pipes was allowed to continue at the school sometime longer. This, however, was a resolution too good to last long, as will appear from the following incident.

One day Tom Pipes having conducted some of the boys to a garden in the suburbs they were very rude in pulling the fruit, which so enraged the gardner, that he came to them and demanded satisfaction. The boys refused to satisfy his demands, upon which the great dog was let loose upon them, and in the scuffle Peregrine lost his cap. The engagement now became general, the gardner called his apprentice to his assistance, while Tom Pipes led on the insurgents in battle array. The gardner, who was a stout fellow, took his stand at the turning of one of the avenues, and when Pipes advanced, he gave him such a blow on the head, that his scull rung if it had been made of bell metal.

Pipes soon recovered from the dreadful blow he had received, and darting his head into the bosom of the gardner tumbled him into a trench, that he had newly digged, nor did it fare better

with the dog, who coming up to the aſſiſtance of his maſter, laid hold of the calf of Tom Pipes' leg, and would have eaten it for his dinner, had not the ſeamen turned about, and in an inſtant put a period to the exiſtence of the voracious animal.

The gardner was now ſo much overpowered that he knew not what to do, and his wife having alarmed the neighborhood, Tom Pipes adviſed the ſcholars to deſiſt, leſt they ſhould be all apprehended and committed to priſon. The ſcholars complied with his requeſt, but as the gardner was rendered incapable of following his work, and as his children became chargeable to the pariſh, an enquiry was ſet on foot to find out the aggreſſors.

The reſult of the enquiry was, that our adventurer was found to be at the head of this unruly mob of boys, and therefore it was ordered that he ſhould undergo a ſevere flogging, and a day was appointed for the execution of this ſolemn decree.

The thoughts of being diſgraced in this manner was what he could not bear, and therefore, he reſolved to make an elopement from the ſchool. He communicated his intentions to ſome of the moſt active of the ſcholars, and when the time arrived that he was to receive the threatened diſcipline, they came with him into the ſchool, and demanded of the maſter that he ſhould inſtantly be forgiven. The maſter,

however, behaved with that dignity becoming his ſtation, and Peregrine, notwithſtanding his profeſſions of courage, was horſed and whipped, to the terror of all others, who ſhould for the future offend in the like manner, this diſgrace had ſuch an effect upon him, that he reſolved to detach himſelf from his diſorderly companions, and apply himſelf in good earneſt to his ſtudies. He was now above fourteen years of age, & in ſtature and ſhape one of the fineſt figures that ever was ſeen. The young ladies began to take notice of him, and there being a ball one evening he went to dance at it, as is the practice with young gentlemen.

While he was waiting for the company, the maſter of the ceremonies took notice of him, and ſingled out for him a partner, a young lady whoſe name was Emilia Gauntlet, and ſiſter to a young gentleman who happened to be there at the ſame time. The young lady was extremely handſome, and her exterior appearance was ſet off by all the improvements that the intellectual faculties can receive. When the ball was over our hero returned to his lodgings, but he could not ſleep during the whole of the night. In the morning he aroſe, and having dreſſed himſelf in the moſt agreeable manner, he went to the lodgings of Miſs Gauntlet, and was ſhown into the parlor. Emilia made her appearance in the moſt enchanting dreſs; and the paſſions of our hero were now wound up to the higheſt pitch. The

mother of the young lady was ſtill in bed, and when ſhe got up ſhe ſeemed to look upon Peregrine in no very favorable light, for ſhe conſidered him in no other light than a young ſpark who wanted to make himſelf merry at the expenſe of ſuch young females as are weak enough to hearken to their ſolicitations.

The young lady treated him with all the indulgence ſhe poſſibly could, conſiſtent with the regard ſhe ought to have had for her own character, and invited him to viſit her from time to time at her mother's houſe, which was only a few miles diſtant. This was juſt what he wiſhed for, and in the midſt of his mutual embraces, he declared to her, that his paſſion was the moſt pure that ever took place in the human breaſt. Being obliged to take leave of his charmer, he returned to ſchool, but became ſo penſive and melancholy, that all his former acquaintance began to ſhun his company. At laſt he reſolved to elope, and having tied up a bundle of linen, with other neceſſaries, he gave it to Tom Pipes, and next morning they both ſet out together on foot, for the village where the mother of Emilia lived.

When he came to the village, he took lodgings at an inn, and leaving Tom Pipes to take care of his baggage, he ſet out for the houſe where his charmer reſided, ſtruggling under all that anxiety of mind that generally takes place in the breaſt of a lover.

When he came to the gate, he was ſo much taken up with the thoughts of the young lady, that when ſhe made her appearance he ſcarce knew her; for his mind was tortured with all the variety of diſcordant paſſion. She received him in the moſt complaiſant manner, and conducted him to the parlor, where her mother was then ſitting drinking tea. This was a more favorable reception than he had any reaſon to expect; but every thing ſucceeding ſo far according to his wiſh, it was propoſed that he and the young lady ſhould take a walk together till towards evening. Upon their return the mother invited Peregrine to ſupper, and the young lovers being left alone, many tender things paſſed between them. He proteſted in the moſt ſolemn manner that he loved her above every one he had ever ſeen; while ſhe on her part chid him gently for running away from ſchool. In this ſhe was ſeconded by her mother, whoſe circumſtances had taught her prudence; for ſhe was the widow of a general officer who had loſt his life in the ſervice of his country, and had left his ſon in the humble ſtation of a volunteer, waiting for the intereſt of ſome great man to beſtow upon him a commiſſion.

While he remained under the influence of this ſweet intoxication, his abſence occaſioned no ſmall diſturbance at Wincheſter, and Mr. Jolter wrote to the commodore, giving him an account of his elopement. The poor old commodore re-

eived the news of the elopement with the utmoſt urpriſe, and curſed Hatchway and Tom Pipes, or having debauched the boy's mind, by leading im off from a ſenſe of his duty. Nor did he pare Jolter, whom he called an old doating ool, becauſe he did not keep a better look out, o prevent Peregrine from foundering. He imnediately diſpatched expreſſes to all the ſea-ports on the coaſt, to prevent his going abroad, while Lieutenant Hatchway was diſpatched acroſs the country, to make all the enquiries he could conerning the young fugitive. Hatchway ſpent four days without receiving any intelligence, when being benighted, he took up his lodgings at a village, where he had not regaled himſelf ong, when he heard the voice of his old friend Tom Pipes, entertaining a company of ruſtics with a ſong in true ſea language. Hatchway flung his pipe into the chimney corner, and graſping a piſtol in his hand, went to the room where Pipes was, and ſwore that he would blow his brains out, unleſs he produced young Peregrine. Pipes, not in the leaſt intimidated, told the lieutenant, that Peregrine was as ſafe as a roach, and that he would produce him as ſoon as he had finiſhed his ſong. Hatchway could not have any objection to this propoſal, and Tom having finiſhed his ſong, and diſmiſſed the company, the two old meſs mates retired to another room. There Pipes recited to the lieutenant every circumſtance relating to the elopement,

and before they had done ſpeaking, Peregrine came in from his miſtreſs with whom he had ſpent the evening. Hatchway was overjoyed to ſee his long loſt young maſter, but much more ſo, when he found that he was ſenſible of his folly in running away from ſchool, and vexing his generous friend the commodore. At laſt, it was agreed that they ſhould ſet out the next morning for Wincheſter, and in the mean time Peregrine went to take leave of his miſtreſs. Their parting was truly affecting, but as there was neceſſity for it, the young lady pretended to make no objections, while her mother ſaid all ſhe could in favor of parental authority, and next morning our hero returned to Wincheſter, where he was received in the moſt kindly manner, by Parſon Jolter his tutor.

The maſter of the ſchool forgave him on account of his youth, but when Hatchway returned to the garriſon, and told the whole of the circumſtances to the commodore, the old gentleman was very much grieved, eſpecially when he began to conſider that there was a young lady in the caſe. He reſolved therefore to lay the whole of the affair before Mr. Pickle, his father, that proper meaſures might be concerted, in order to prevent his ruin. In the mean time, Peregrine ſent a love epiſtle to his miſtreſs, and concluded, by telling her, that he would never place his affections on any other object. This letter was ſent by the hands of the faithful Tom

Pipes, with ſtrict orders that it ſhould be delivered into her own hands, without communicating the contents to any perſon whatever beſides herſelf.

Tom Pipes being thus employed as ambaſſador, took his place on the box of a ſtage coach, and that the letter might not be loſt, he put it between the ſole of his ſhoe and ſtocking. This was very conſiſtent with his own vulgar ideas, but no ſooner did he come to the inn, than feeling for the letter, he found that by the motion of the coach, it was all torn in pieces. This was a moſt ſhocking circumſtance for poor Tom Pipes, who curſed both the coachman and the coach. There was, however, no time to be loſt, and, therefore, after ſome reflection, he reſolved to ſend for the clerk of the pariſh, and get him to write a letter of a ſimilar nature.

Accordingly, Tom went in queſt of the ſchoolmaſter, who was one of the moſt arrant pedants that ever lived, and bringing him to the inn, got him to write a letter in that ſtile which thoſe of his fraternity call the true ſublime. Pipes was ſo much overjoyed when he heard it read, that he could not refrain from ſqueezing the pedagogue by the hand, telling him at the ſame time, that it was light in its timbers, and would forever remain above water. Fluſhed with the hopes of ſucceſs, he ſet out for the houſe where the young lady reſided, not doubting but he would meet with a favorable reception, but when ſhe had read the nonſenſical epiſtle, ſhe concluded

that either her lover was mad, or that he had ſent the letter with no other view, than to make her an object of ridicule.

Pipes, who doubted not but he would receive a favorable anſwer, was diſmiſſed with viſible marks of contempt, and next day he arrived at Wincheſter. Peregrine, who had waited for his return with the utmoſt impatience, no ſooner ſaw him, than he reached out his hand for a letter, but being informed that he had none, he immediately concluded, that Emilia had not an opportunity to write, and therefore he reſolved to wait the return of the poſt. But as he did not receive any anſwer during the whole of the enſuing week, his pride was ſummoned up to his aſſiſtance, and he began to deſpiſe the woman whom he imagined had treated him with ſo much indignity.

His behavior ſoon reached the ears of the young lady's mother, and from that circumſtance ſhe was convinced that he was the ſame coxcomb as he had repreſented himſelf in his letter. She therefore ordered her daughter not to think any more of him, and thus a youthful correſpondence was broken off merely by the conduct of Pipes, who took no more notice of it than if he had been aſſiſting in pumping a ſhip, or preventing one from deſtruction.

While things were going on in this manner, the commodore, who never loſt ſight of the intereſt of young Peregrine, conſulted the parſon

of the parish concerning the most proper means to be used, and at last it was agreed upon between them, that he should be taken from the school, and sent to the university. Accordingly he was sent for home along with his tutor, Mr. Jolter, who had not, during the whole time he was at Winchester, taught him any thing that could contribute towards promoting his interest. Mr. Pickle no sooner saw his son, than he bestowed a thousand blessings on the commodore, for having been at so much expence in his education, but his mother was of a different opinion, for she had conceived such an inveterate hatred to her eldest son, that she loked upon him as an object of detestation. She ordered that none of the servants should for the future grant him admittance to the house, which so much exasperated Hatchway, that he swore he would be revenged on her one way or other. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at, for the honest lieutenant imagined that every one was as innocent as himself.

The commodore, who under an outside of savage rusticity, possessed real goodness of heart, could not bear with indifference the manner in which Mr. Pickle used his son, and therefore having bestowed a volley of curses upon the whole family, he took Peregrine home along with him to the castle. It was then resolved, that our young adventurer should be sent to the university along with Mr. Jolter, who was still to act

the part of his tutor; but he had not been long at Oxford, when he diſcovered ſuch a diſpoſition for ſatire, that every one of the young nobility and gentry courted his friendſhip, not doubting but they would be able to make his ingenuity ſubſervient to their purpoſes. Mr. Jolter, who had the intereſt of Peregrine entirely at heart, in order to divert him from ſuch practices, introduced him to the company of a club of politicians, who were reputed men of knowledge and probity, and who ſpent the evenings in animadverting on the conduct of the miniſtry, and hatching ſchemes for overturning the government both in church and ſtate.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that a youth ſo volatile as Peregrine, would be much delighted with the company of men, who inſtead of ſpeaking conſiſtant with their characters as rational creatures, were like an aſſembly of quakers, or rather of ſuperannuated or melancholy cats. Indeed, he looked upon them in ſo mean and contemptible a light, that he ſoon began to deſpiſe them, and one night having made them all drunk, he ſtarted a topic of argument that irritated their paſſions ſo much that they got to loggerheads, bottles and glaſſes, which flew about in ſuch abundance, that ſcarce one in the company could make his eſcape without receving a mark that would put him in mind of the nocturnal adventure.

The uproar was ſo great that the whole neighborhood was alarmed, and juſt at that in-

:ant, the proctor happening to be returning to is chamber, took them all into cuſtody, except Mr. Jolter, who made his eſcape at the exence of a couple of black eyes. Next morning he vas ſummoned to attend the proctor, in order o anſwer for his conduct, which frightened him onſiderably, but Peregrine, who was an arch vag, told him that he would, by the help of a cerain paint, hide the circles around his eyes, to vhich Jolter ſubmitted, but when he made his ppearance, the fraud was diſcovered, and he reeived a ſevere reprimand.

For ſome time Parſon Jolter was ſo much morified, that he ſcarce knew how to appear in pubic, and not doubting but Peregrine had a principal ſhare in the whole ſcheme, he could not refrain from ſhowing marks of his reſentment. This was what the proud ſpirit of our adventurer ould not bear, and therefore in revenge for the nſolence of his tutor, he wrote a copy of verſes gainſt him, in ſuch ſatirical language, that poor olter heſitated, whether he ſhould not lay out is laſt ſhilling, in the purchaſe of a rope, in order to deprive the hangman of his *legal* wages.

Peregrine often uſed to make excurſions to different parts of the country, particularly Windſor, where while he was one day walking along with a fellow collegian, he diſcovered Emilia, and made up to her. The young lady had not forgotton the inſult offered her in the odious letter, written by the pariſh clerk, at the inſtigation of

Tom Pipes, and therefore she treated him in a cold formal manner. She refused to hear any thing that he had to say in his defence; but after several solicitations, she agreed to honor him with an interview, during which time the whole mystery was cleared up, and a mutual reconciliation took place, though not before the amiable young lady procured a free pardon for poor Pipes and the pedantic clerk. In the mean time, his long absence from Oxford, gave great uneasiness to Mr. Jolter, who with all his faults, still wished his pulpil well, and therefore having learned the name of the young gentleman with whom he had made the excursion to Windsor, he went to his chambers, and was told that Peregrine was still at Winsor along with Miss Emilia Gauntlet, and that it would be no easy matter to disengage them from each other.

In consequence of that information, Mr. Jolter set out for Winsor, where he met with his pulpil, and remonstrated to him on the impropriety of his conduct. This put Peregrine into a most violent passion, and high words arose between him and his tutor. Mr. Jolter could never forgive Peregrine for the part he had acted, in making him so ridiculous at the political club; and, although he was under many obligations to the commodore, yet he would have given up his charge, had he not been in expectation of receiving a rich living, which the aged naval officer was expected to have in his power, to present

him to, after the death of an incumbent, who was then far advanced in years. The thoughts of ſuch a valuable acquiſition made him keep his paſſions under proper reſtraint, and although often inſulted by Peregrine, yet he reſolved to diſſemble his reſentment, till ſuch time as he was properly provided for.

Peregrine was ſo much exaſperated at the conduct of his tutor, that he wrote a letter to his aunt, and in anſwer received one which mortified his pride to the utmoſt. She told him, that the commodore had all along treated him with the greateſt tenderneſs, and that it was his duty to be obedient to him in every thing, but this ſo far from bringing his paſſions under the government of reaſon, only ſerved to inflame them the more, and therefore he wrote a letter in the moſt polite ſtile to the commodore, attempting to ridicule his conduct by throwing the whole blame upon Jolter, whom he accuſed of tyranny and partiality.

The commodore, who knew no other phraſes than ſuch as were made uſe of at ſea, wrote Peregrine an anſwer, wherein he told him, that if he would be a good boy, he would take him into favor, but if he continued refractory, he would diſcard him forever.

Hatchway, who had been diſpatched with this letter to Peregrine, ſaid all he could to perſuade the young gentleman to comply with the commodore's requeſt, and in order to prevail with

him, told him, that if he had ſeduced the young lady, he was willing to take her off his hands. Hatchway had ſtrict orders to bring our young hero home to the caſtle, but no ſooner had he mentioned the affair to him, than Peregrine ſtarted up, and declared his reſolution that no perſon ſhould compel him to comply with a propoſal ſo contrary to his inclination. Hatchway was ſo much irritated at what Peregrine ſaid, that he tripped up his heels, and laid him flat on the floor, calling him at the ſame time one of the moſt ſaucy boys that ever walked between ſtem and ſtern. Peregrine would have dropped all manner of altercation with one whom he loved for the honeſt ſimplicity of his manners, but nothing would ſerve the lieutenant, unleſs he would fight him with ſword and piſtols. The place made choice of for the deciding this important quarrel, was Windſor foreſt, to which our two combatants walked, but in their way thither, they were met by Tom Pipes, who armed himſelf with a large wooden cudgel. As Pipes had the utmoſt reſpect for the lieutenant, with whom he had ſerved many years on board, and as he really wiſhed well to young Peregrine, ſo he reſolved to prevent any miſchief that ſhould happen, and in conſequence of that reſolution, brought both parties to agree together, and the commodore wrote a very feeling letter to Peregrine, promiſing him that nothing

ſhould be wanting to promote his intereſt for the future.

When Peregrine had viewed the commodore's letter, he was ſo much chagrined, that he became for ſome weeks a perfect ſlave to melancholy, but the impetuoſity of his paſſions getting the better of every thing, he reſolved to aſſert his dignity as a rational creature, and not to be any longer the dupe of a family, who ſeemed to ſeek the promotion of his intereſt no farther than was conſiſtant with their own inclinations. Stimulated by motives of reſentment againſt Hatchway, and ſtill a captive to love, he went to viſit his charmer, not doubting but her converſation would contribute towards rubbing off that ruſticity that he had contracted during the melancholy under which he had labored. He told her that his uncle the commodore had propoſed that he ſhould make the tour of Europe, and he could not help expatiating on the pleaſures that he would enjoy in the volatile court of Paris, where nothing leſs than intrigue and gallantry could make a diſtinguiſhing figure.

The young lady heard him with emotion, nor was it in her power to prevent the tears from dropping down from her lovely eyes, eſpecially when ſhe was told that the commodore was offended at their meeting ſo often together. To remove all her ſcruples, he told her that he would be hers to the lateſt period of his exiſtence, and

at the ſame time endeavored to convince her of the neceſſity he was under of paying an implicit obedience to his uncle's commands. The young lady could not help feeling in the moſt ſenſible manner the force of what he advanced, and therefore compoſing herſelf, ſhe told him that ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied, and that for the future ſhe would not object to any part of his conduct, unleſs by ſome freſh action of his infidelity he ſhould give her occaſion to do ſo. Every thing being thus ſettled in the moſt amicable manner, the young lady took her leave, and our hero, who reſolved to comply with his uncle's requeſt, diſpatched the lieutenant and parſon Jolter to the caſtle, to inform the commodore, that as ſoon as he had ſettled a few trifling things among his fellow collegians, he would return, and comply with every thing that he had propoſed for him, with reſpect to the regulation of his future conduct particularly, and making the tower of Europe.

In his journey to the caſtle he took Emilia along with him part of the way, and on the evening of the firſt day they took up their lodgings at a country inn, which at that time was crowded with great numbers of people, who had been at a neighboring fair, and were now regaling themſelves with beer and tobacco. This was a circumſtance that our lovers were obliged to put up with: but in the middle of the night they were alarmed with the cry of fire; and, upon inquiry, it was found that the country people, having got

drunk, had left ſome candles burning, ſo that two of the galleries were inſtantly in a flame. Peregrine and Tom Pipes ſtarted up in an inſtant, and ſaved the young lady as well her companion; and ſo diſintereſted was poor Tom, that he refuſed to accept of a reward which they generouſly offered him.

Next day they arrived at the houſe where the young lady's mother lived, but her brother had no ſooner ſeen our hero, than he conſidered him as one who had a deſign to injure his ſiſter, and therefore treated him in the moſt haughty manner. This was more than Peregrine would have bore with from any other perſon, but the love he had for Emilia induced him to conceal his reſentment. The young lady, who could not diſſemble her paſſion for him any longer, gave him a ring to keep as a token of her love, which pleaſed him ſo much that he embraced her with all the ardour of the moſt tender affection, and next morning ſet out on his journey.

He had not however proceeded far on his journey, when at the end of a lane he was met by Godfrey, the brother of the young lady, and commanded to ſtop till he had given him the ſatisfaction of a gentleman. For ſome time Peregrine inſulted him on account of his poverty, and told him in plain terms, if he did not go inſtantly about his buſineſs, he would order his footman, Tom Pipes, to give him a moſt hearty drubbing. This laſt expreſſion ſo much exaſperated Godfrey, that he drew his ſword, ſo that

our hero was obliged to do the ſame, and a furious combat enſued. Each of the contending parties were wounded, but Peregrine having broken his ſword, the other refuſed to take any advantage of him; but, leaving him, told him, that for the future he muſt never inſult any gentleman on account of his poverty.

Peregrine, who with his foibles had a large ſhare of humanity, no ſooner heard the laſt words uttered by the young gentleman than he was ſtruck with remorſe, for having treated him ſo diſreſpectfully, and therefore going up to him deſired that he would alight from his horſe, till he ſhould have an opportunity of explaining his ſentiments. The young gentleman, who was no more than a cadet in the army, though the ſon of a general officer, ſuppoſed he wanted to finiſh the combat, and therefore alighting, walked with him into a room, where he expected he would preſent him with a brace of piſtols. But how great was his ſurpriſe when Peregrine gave him to underſtand, that he was willing to do any thing to promote his intereſt, and that his paſſion for his ſiſter was the moſt pure that could be imagined. He added that he was going to ſet out for France, and Godfrey having promiſed to meet him at the commodore's, they both parted on the moſt friendly terms.

The commodore was now turned of ſeventy, and ſo much crippled by the gout, that he was ſcarce able to ſtir abroad. Mr. Pickle, his brother in-law, gave him but very little of his com-

pany, ſo that the old gentleman was, in a manner, reſtored to a new ſtate of life, in conſequence of having young Peregrine once more to attend him. Gamaliel, the younger brother of Peregrine, was now about fifteen years of age, but of ſuch perverſe diſpoſition, that altho his mother conſidered him as her favorite, yet every one in the houſe, as well as in the neighborhood, treated him with the moſt ſovereign contempt.

One day while young Gamaliel was riding out along with his tutor, the curate of the parish, Peregrine happened to come in ſight, and Gamaliel who had been taught to offer him all the indignities he could, rode up againſt him, in order to unhorſe him. Peregrine, who gueſſed his intention, acted in ſo ſpirited a manner, that young Gamaliel was flung from his horſe, and before he had time to recover himſelf, Peregrine diſmounted, and gave the curate ſuch a hearty drubbing, that he was not able, for ſeveral weeks after, to make his appearance in the church, ſo that he was obliged to ſay, "Lord have mercy upon us," at home.

Complaints were made to the commodore, but the good old ſeaman, inſtead of paying any regard to them, declared that he wiſhed young Gamaliel had broke his neck, ſo as Peregrine was out of the ſcrape.

As Peregrine could not put up calmy with the affront that had been offered him by the curate, ſo he reſolved to take a ſevere revenge on that

reverend gentleman. Accordingly he and Hatchway ſet out for the alehouſe where the curate ſpent his evenings, and having engaged a parlor for themſelves, the lieutenant was placed to keep a good look, while Peregrine, who was an excellent mimic, went into the yard, and perſonated a dialogue between the curate and the wife of the publican. It was not long before the landlord heard what paſſed, and concluding that his ſpouſe was gone into the barn with the prieſt, he ran thither in ſearch of the adulterers, while Peregrine got in at the window, and ſet down in the moſt demure manner with Hatchway. As the poor publican was too much agitated to ſeek for his wife in the barn, he left the door open, and returned to the houſe, where he ſaw her go in at another door. His ſuſpicions were now fully confirmed, but much more ſo when he heard Hatchway in his arch leering manner, tell him that he believed the curate of the pariſh had ſome regard for his wife.

A few days after this, in order to carry on the farce ſomewhat farther, at the expence of the curate, a boy was diſpatched to inform that reverend gentleman that the publican's wife was extremely ill, and that ſhe could not bear the thoughts of dying without ſpeaking with him. The curate obeyed the ſummons; and, in the mean time Peregrine, with Hatchway, went to the place as uſual, where they had not been long, when our young hero told the publican, that the parſon was juſt gone in at a private door to the

kitchen. This was more than the publican could bear; and therefore, not doubting but he would meet with the curate at the end of one of the lanes in his return, went into the barn, and armed himself with a flail. From thence he set out to the place where he expected to meet him, and seeing him come up he extended the flail, which if it had done the execution, there would have been a new place for another poor priest. Exasperated that he had not felled the priest to the ground, the publican once more extended the flail, but a second time missing his aim, he struck himself on the head such a terrible blow, that for some time he staggered in the same manner as he had often seen some of his customers do. In the mean time the curate, who imagined that he had been beset by some robber, grasped his cudgel and took to his heels, but the publican getting up, pursued him, and gave him such a drubbing, that had not some laborers come up to his assistance, he would have inevitably perished.

Hatchway and Peregrine sat waiting in the parlor till the landlord arrived, and seeing the marks of his rencounter upon him, they began to make themselves very merry at his expence. He could not conceal from them the manner in which he had treated the curate, whom he called a parish bull, let loose upon the wives of all the honest men in the neighborhood.

He had scarce done speaking, when his wife came in, and told him, that some waggish boy

had ſent Mr. Sackbut, the parſon of the pariſh, to pray with her. The publican, whoſe jealouſy was now wound up to the higheſt pitch, could conceal his indignation no longer, and therefore turning to his wife, told her, that he had diſabled the parſon from praying with her for ſome time. This was what the publican's wife could not bear, and therefore caſting a look of ineffable contempt on her huſband, told him that he had no buſineſs to ſit in company with gentlemen, while the company in the kitchen wanted his attendance. It was in vain for the poor henpecked huſband to make any reply, for knowing the ſuperiority that his wife had over him, he left the room, and went to obey her orders. Next day it was reported throughout the pariſh, that Mr. Sackbut had been attacked by footpads and almoſt murdered, and an advertiſement was affixed to the church door, offering a reward to thoſe who would make a diſcovery, but no perſon came to claim it, ſo that the poor parſon was obliged to put up with his drubbing.

It was not long before the curate began to ſuſpect that the whole was a ſcheme projected by Peregrine, for he knew that the whole country could not produce ſuch two cunning rogues as Hatchway and Mr. Thomas Pipes, under whoſe direction our young hero acted. He therefore reſolved to be revenged on Peregrine; and imparted his ſcheme to young Gam. his pupil, but as good luck would have it, the ſiſter of Peregrine, an amiable young lady, overheard the

whole of their converſation, and communicated it to a young gentleman, who was in love with her; and who gave, by her direction, an account of it to Peregrine.

To counteract this diabolical ſcheme, it was propoſed that a perſon ſhould be ſet to watch in an adjacent field, in order to give them an account at what time the conſpirators came up. One whole evening was ſpent in vain, for none of them came up, but on the ſecond the meſſenger came to the caſtle, and informed the lieutenant that three men were ſkulking behind a hedge near the road that led to the public houſe.

This news was no ſooner told, than the company ſallied forth, in order to wreck their vengeance on the curate and his pupil, but when they came to the place, they found young Mr. Gauntlet the brother of Emily, exerciſing his cudgel on a fellow whom he had got down. Peregrine, with the reſt of the company, ran to his aſſiſtance, and having taken the fellow priſoner, conducted him to the caſtle along with the young gentleman, who had left his horſe at the inn. The priſoner being brought before the commodore, confeſſed that he had been employed by the curate of the pariſh, to aſſaſſinate Peregrine, upon which he was ſuffered to go about his buſineſs, to the great mortification of Pipes, who wanted to give him a round dozen at the gang way.

The commodore treated young Gauntlet with every mark of reſpect, and one day, in the courſe of their converſation together, diſcovered that

he had been formerly acquainted with his father, who at that time was only a lieutenant of marines, tho an officer of experienced conduct.

Young Gauntlet had ſuch ſcrupulous notions of honor, that before the commodore could prevail on him to accept of as much money as would purchaſe a commiſſion, he was obliged to tell him that he was ſo much indebted to his father, but not knowing what was become of him, had never till then an opportunity of repaying it. Theſe things being ſettled, and French ſervants hired to attend our young hero in his intended tour, Gauntlet left the caſtle, and the commodore ordered that Tom Pipes ſhould remain at home, becauſe he was ignorant of the French lingo. Before Peregrine ſet out, he received a letter from his ſiſter, informing him that ſhe would meet him at a cottage near her father's houſe, in order to converſe with him on ſome things of importance.

He obeyed the ſummons, and when he came to the place, found his ſiſter, and was ſurpriſed to find her poſſeſſed of ſo many accompliſhments beyond what he expected. He propoſed taking her away from her unnatural parents, but before he had done ſpeaking, his mother, who had placed ſpies on her daughter, ruſhed into the apartment, and would have torn the poor young lady to pieces, had not Peregrine interpoſed in her defence. The mother was ſo tranſported with rage that ſhe ſeemed like a bedlamite, and when Peregrine began to expoſtulate with her in

favor of his ſiſter, ſhe declared that for the future ſhe ſhould never be admitted into her father's houſe. Peregrine was much troubled in what manner he ſhould diſpoſe of his ſiſter, but finding no other method of providing for her than putting her under the protection of his generous benefactor, he took her home to the caſtle, where ſhe met with a welcome reception from the commodore. Old Pickle was obliged to comply with the dictates of his wife, which ſo enraged the commodore, that he ſent him a challenge, but the other had no intention of accepting it. Hatchway however, was extremely unwilling to loſe a little fun, and therefore returning to the caſtle, told the commodore that old Mr. Pickle would meet him.

As the commodore never knew what it was to be afraid to fight, he reſolved to go, and in the mean time it was propoſed that young Peregrine ſhould perſonate his father, and mimic his voice. A real farce enſued, and the poor commodore was defeated without knowing that the conqueror was his godſon.

The time for his departure drawing nigh, Mr. Jolter was made choice of to attend him as a tutor, and having taken leave of his friends at the caſtle, he ſet out in a poſt chaiſe for Dover. Young Gauntlet went with him to ſee him ſafe on-board, and before they parted, a plan was ſettled in what manner they ſhould correſpond with each other. When they came to Dover, parſon Jolter ordered an elegant ſupper to be got ready,

and ſome of the beſt Burgundy wine, but ſcarce had they ſat down, when they were alarmed with a dreadful uproar in the next room. It happened that the diſpute was between a furious Welchman, and a poor Italian quack, who not finding proper encouragement in other countries, had come over to England. The Welchman whoſe Cambrian blood was all on flame, had got the poor foreigner down, and would certainly have killed him, had not Peregrine and the reſt of the company come to his aſſiſtance. The Welchman ſaid, the Italian was a conjurer, and young Gauntlet ſwore that he was a Jeſuit, becauſe thoſe Gentlemen never travel without charms and enchantments. Peregrine however, was not ſo very ſuperſtitious, but told the foreigner that he was at liberty to proceed on his journey, and that no perſon would moleſt him.

Mr. Jolter, who had now joined the company, and heard the whole affair, declared that he differed in ſentiment from his pupil concerning witchcraft, and ſupported his opinion by many quotations from ſcripture, as well as from the writings of ſome divines in the laſt century. Young Gauntlet, who had been brought up in the army, corroberated all that was ſaid by Jolter, and told the company that he had ſeen many apparitions, and was well convinced in his own mind of the reality of witchcraft. To all this the Welcman aſſented by declaring that the empire of Belzebub was far more extenſive than that of Rome, for it had extended to Glamor-

ganſhire, which the Romans could never conquor.

Peregrine did not chuſe to enter the liſt with three ſuch formidable combatants, but contented himſelf by telling them, that he was convinced in his own mind, that witchcraft was nothing more than a ſcarecrow, or bug-bear, invented to frighten the vulgar; after which they all went to ſupper together in the moſt amicable manner. In the courſe of their converſation, it appeared that the Welchman was the ſame Mr. Morgan, who makes ſuch a diſtinguiſhing figure in the adventures of Roderick Random, and who had been ſome years ſettled at Canterbury. It happened, that he had been ſent for to wait on a ſick perſon at Dover, and the Italian being there at the ſame time, a moſt violent diſpute aroſe concerning the nature of the medicines that ſhould be adminiſtered to the patient.

The empiric preſcribed ſpecific medicienes, which the patient accepted of, ſo that poor Morgan was diſmiſſed without his fee. This exaſperated him ſo much, that he ſwore revenge againſt the Italian, and not being properly qualified, or rather not having a ſufficient ſhare of patience to reaſon coolly, he called the Italian a necromancer becauſe his medicines had the deſired effect. That every thing might be made agreeable to Morgan, who was really an honeſt fellow, Peregrine made him a preſent of as much money as he could have expected from the patient, and

for that night the company ſeperated, in order to retire to their ſeveral apartments. In the morning, when they got up, they went to viſit the caſtle, with every other curioſity that was to be ſeen at Dover, after which they breakfaſted together, waiting till the packet ſhould be ready to ſail. Morgan declared that he would not leave our hero till he ſaw him ſafe on board, and he was as good as his word, for he kept ſtanding on the ſhore till the packet hoiſted ſail, after which he and young Gauntlet marched back to the inn, and having refreſhed themſelves, ſet out in poſt-chaiſe together for Canterbury.

Our hero had not gone far to ſea, when the wind ſhifted about, and blew directly in their faces, and the tide running high, they were in great danger of being loſt. Mr. Joter, who had been buſy in attempting to ſolve one of the moſt difficult problems in Euclid, happened in the midſt of his reveries, to hear the boy call to put out the deadlights, which frightened him ſo much, that he ſtarted up, and called out, "Lord have mercy upon us." Peregrine gave up all for loſt, and juſt when he was expecting that the ſhip would go to the bottom, the individual Tom Pipes made his appearance on the deck. It ſeems that this original genius had left the caſtle the day after Peregrine departed, and getting to Dover ſome hours before he embarked, took his place in the packet, and concealed himſelf in the hold.

Alarmed by the danger he was in, Pipes got up from his lurking place, and gave ſuch diſco-

tions to the ſeamen, that the maſter conſidered him as an angel ſent from heaven to deliver them. By his ſkill in naval affairs, they were enabled to weather the ſtorm, and ſoon after the ſpires of Calais preſented themſelves to their view Jolter who was a real enemy to his own country, no ſooner ſaw France, that land of deſpotiſm, than he began to launch out in praiſe of the French government. Peregrine, who had the moſt contemptible notion of his tutor's abilities, could not refrain from giving him the lie, and in proof of his opinion, no ſooner had they landed, than they were ſurrounded by a parcel of cuſtom houſe officers, who began to toſs and tumble their baggage about, without any regard to the ſo much boaſted politeneſs of their country. As Jolter had often been in France, and conſequently was well acquainted with the manners of the people, he gave the officers a bribe, and told them that his pulpil was a young Engliſh nobleman, upon which they deſiſted from ſearching any further. They told him however, that the baggage muſt be ſealed up at the cuſtom-houſe, and that there were ſome men ready to carry the trunks thither. This ſo enraged Peregrine, that he knocked ſome of them down, calling them the moſt opprobrious names, but in an inſtant a whole file of muſqueteers ſurrounded the houſe.

Peregrine was not ſuch a madman as to diſpute the authority of men under arms, and therefore turning to the corporal who commanded the party, deſired him to accompany his baggage to

the cuſtom houſe, and ſee that no harm happened to it. The corporal was ſo mortified at what our hero ſaid, that he darted him a look full of contempt, telling him at the ſame time, that he was ſorry he was ſo little acquainted with the French laws. As ſoon as they had beſpoke a poſt-chaiſe for Paris, our hero found that there was an Engliſh gentleman and his lady at the ſame inn, and therefore he ſent Tom Pipes to the kitchen, in order to ſcrape an acquaintance with their footman. In the mean time he and Parſon Jolter went to view the fortifications, and upon their return, Pipes told Peregrine, that the gentleman was an old debauchee, who had in his youth deſpiſed matrimony, but now in his advanced years had been led into a match with an oyſter wench, whoſe impudence was equal to the ſtation in which ſhe had been brought up. He added, that her huſband, upon mature deliberation, being aſhamed of his conduct, had, in order to avoid the reproaches of his friends, and the ſcoffs of his companions, brought her over to France, where it was not likely that ſhe would betray her ignorance, ſeeing that ſhe did not underſtand one word of the language. Her temper was violent as well as vulgar, and it was with much difficulty that her huſband had prevented her from engaging in an intrigue with an officer, during one ſingle day that they ſtopped at Canterbury.

Peregrine's paſſions were now wound up to the higheſt pitch, and ſeeing the lady at the window he made a moſt reſpectful bow to her, which ſhe

returned a very low curtſy. She was neatly dreſſed, and had he not been informed of the nature of her former ſtation, he would have taken her for one of thoſe pert ladies, who in general have that ſort of impudence about them which their ſtation in life conceals under another name. He did not imagine there would be any great difficulty for him to ingratiate himſelf into her affections, and with that view he ſent a card to her huſband, whoſe name was Hornbuck, telling him that as he was to ſet out for Paris next day, ſo he would be glad of his company. Mr. Hornbuck, who had ſeen all manner of ſcenes of debauchery, no ſooner received the meſſage, than he ſent a very civil anſwer, telling our hero that he was ſorry he could not have the pleaſure of his company, becauſe his wife had been for ſome days indiſpoſed.

Peregrine was no ſtranger to his motives for ſending ſuch an anſwer, and being extremely uneaſy that he could not gratify his inordinate paſſion, he ſet out next morning with Parſon Jolter in the poſt-chaiſe, being attended by his French ſervants, and Tom Pipes on Horſeback. They breakfaſted at Bologne, and it being propoſed that they ſhould reach Abeville that night, the driver went on at ſuch a rate, that the axle-tree broke before they had got a few miles out of the town. This accident obliged them to return to Bologne, where being under the neceſſity of waiting till next day, they ſaw ſome unfortunate

Scotch gentlemen who had been engaged in the rebellion, looking earneſtly at this happy iſland, from whence they were forever baniſhed. Peregrine, who had a meſt compaſſionate heart, could not help ſympathyſing with them, although he differed from them in political principles.

He invited them to ſpend the evening with him, but no ſooner had they got heated with wine, than they forgot their unhappy circumſtances, and launched out in invectives againſt the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover. Our hero however, had too much generoſity to triumph over their want of prudence, and although one of them, who was the principal aggreſſor, had given him a challenge, yet next morning he was ſo ſenſible of his folly, that he came to his chamber, and aſked pardon in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, telling him that his many miſfortunes had almoſt deprived him of the uſe of his natural reaſon. His requeſt was granted, and having breakfaſted with Peregrine, they took the moſt affectionate leave of each other.

Next day the chaiſe having been got ready, our adventurer, with his retinue, proceeded on their journey, and Parſon Jolter continued to beſtow the higheſt encomiums on the French government. Peregrine interrupted him by pointing to the barren deſolate ſtate of the country, and the miſerable appearance of the inhabitants in their ragged cloths and wooden ſhoes. Jolter finding it in vain to diſpute with one who could refute him from the evidence of his ſenſes, ſaid

no more till they came to an inn, where they partook of a ſmall refreſhment, and in the evening arrived at a ſmall village called Bernay, where they called for freſh horſes, but were informed by the landlord, that none could be had, for the gates of Abeville were ſhut up, and there would be no poſſibility of their procuring admittance till next morning.

Mr. Jolter, who had often travelled that road before, did not chuſe to contradict the landlord, and while ſupper was getting ready, our hero ſtrolled about the yard, where to his great ſurpriſe he ſaw another chaiſe come in with Mr. Hornbuck and his ſpouſe. The landlord, though conſcious that he had not victuals ſufficient to ſerve both his gueſts, yet admitted the gentleman and his lady, and Peregrine, not doubting but he would find an opportunity of converſing with the lady, ſent Mr. Hornbuck an invitation to ſup with him.

Mr. Hornbuck, who was really hungry, accepted of the invitation, and Peregrine having led the lady into the room, placed her at the head of the table. During the evening, while they were at ſupper, the lady could not help darting ſome ſignificant glances at our hero, which he took care to return, but that ſerved only to increaſe the jealouſy of Hornbuck, who was no ſtranger to intrigues.

For ſome time he endeavored to conceal his reſentment, but not being able to contain himſelf any longer, he reached out his foot to tread on

hers, but as ill luck would have it, he trod on the toe of parſon Jolter, who happened at that time to have a ſevere corn. The application was made with ſo much good will, that the parſon ſtarted up, and roared about the room like a madman, to the no ſmall diverſion of Peregrine and the lady, who laughed in ſuch an immoderate manner, that they had almoſt thrown themſelves into convulſions. Hornbuck was ſo much confounded at the miſtake he had committed, that he pegged pardon of Jolter, who with tears in his eyes forgave him, and then they ſat down again to ſupper. The reſt of the evening was ſpent in the moſt agreeable manner, and when the time came that they ſhould retire to bed, Peregrine handed the lady into her chamber. Mr. Hornbuck had gone down to the yard, and during that time, our hero declared his paſſion to the lady, but ſhe adviſed him to retire, leſt her huſband ſhould come in. He was not ſo blind as to neglect taking a hint upon which the ſafety of the lady depended, and therefore retiring to his chamber, ſpent the whole night in revolving in his mind what ſchemes would be moſt proper, in order to make Hornbuck a cuckold. The lady ſpoke to him in the moſt favorable manner, previous to his departure, and as it had been agreed upon that they ſhould travel together next day, he doubted not but he would find an opportunity of completing his deſign.

Next day they breakfaſted at Abeville, where they learned that the landlord in Bernay had

played them a French trick, for the gates were not ſhut till ſome hours after they arrived at the village. It was late in the evening before they reached Chantilly, which is not much to be wondered at, when it is conſidered that the journey was one hundred miles. Mr. Hornbuck was ſo much fatigued that he knew not what to do for a little reſt, and no ſooner had he ſupped, than he fell faſt aſleep in his chair. Jolter, whoſe conſtitution was not ſo delicate, had ſwallowed ſuch large draughts of wine, that he began to yawn, ſo that Peregrine and the lady had ſome time to improve to their mutual wiſhes. Indeed Peregrine had taken care to have opium adminiſtered to Jolter in his wine, which operated ſo ſtrongly upon him, that he dreamed the moſt horrible dreams, and often ſtarted up in violent agonies. At laſt being put to bed as well as Mr. Hornbuck, they both fell faſt aſleep, for the gentleman was ſo much overpowered, that he even forgot his ſpouſe. Peregrine, who longed with impatience to enjoy the lady, went ſoftly to her room, where he found her in a looſe gown and petticoat, and was juſt about completing his wiſhes, when Jolter got out of bed in the next room and exclaimed *fire! fire!*

Women are very fertile at contriving ſchemes, eſpecially where they are under the neceſſity of of vindicating their honor from any aſperſions that may happen to be thrown upon it, and therefore Mrs. Hornbuck, not doubting but her huſband would awake, ran into the room where Jol-

ter was, and cried out, "Lord have mercy upon us, where is it?" Jolter, who was walking in his ſhirt, with his eyes ſhut, made no anſwer, but Peregrine vexed even to a ſtate of madneſs, gave him ſuch a ſlap on the ſhoulder, that in an inſtant he was brought back to the uſe of his reaſon. Mean while, Hornbuck having awaked from his ſleep, and miſſed his ſpouſe, doubted not but ſhe was along with our hero, and jealouſy inſtantly took place in his mind. In going in queſt of his wife, he found that ſhe had dropped her under petticoat, and there being no doubt remaining of her infidelity, he walked up to her, and ſhewed it to her. Her natural preſence of mind hinted an excuſe, for ſhe declared that the petticoat was not hers, ſhe not having ſuch a one in her poſſeſſion. Peregrine, who was very fertile at invention, told him that the petticoat belonged to the innkeeper's daughter, with whom he had an intrigue, and wondered how he could be ſo fooliſh, as to prevent him from enjoying a little pleaſure.

Hornbuck was too well acquainted with the tricks practiſed by young gentlemen, not to ſee into our hero's intentions, but without diſcovering the leaſt mark of reſentment, haſtened to his bed chamber with his ſpouſe, and next morning ſet out three hours before Peregrine got up.

Our hero was obliged to put up with his diſappointment, and as ſoon as he had taken lodgings at Paris, he ſent an account of his journey to the commodore. His next buſineſs was to have clothes made in the faſhion, and then he

joined himself to a company of young gentlemen who spent the evenings in every species of debauchery. Most of these were his own countrymen, and as they had much money to spend, so it is not to be wondered at that they were guilty of many irregularities. In particular they went one evening to a tavern, the landlady of which was extremely handsome, and our hero soon ingratiated himself into her good graces. The lady was one of those who are willing to bestow favors, so as they could be conducted with propriety, without giving offence to the husband; but as ill-luck would have it, her husband was extremely jealous of her, and coming home one evening, found her in such an attitude with our adventurer, that he could not help testifying his resentment. Peregrine, who happened to be then on the eve of enjoyment, was so much vexed, that he knocked the husband down, upon which the watch was called, and all the young gentlemen taken into custody. It happened that the officer of the night was a man of prudence, and therefore finding that little mischief had been done, he discharged them with a gentle reprimand.

This affair made such a noise that it could not be long concealed from parson Jolter, and as he respected the French government above all others in the world, he considered this part of his pupil's conduct as a high indignity offered to its laws. Indeed the tutor was such a biggoted Jacobite, that his acquaintance reached no further

than among ſome of the Engliſh and Iriſh prieſts, who being extremely poor, ſpend much of their time in teaching foreigners the French language, and inſtilling into the minds of youth the utmoſt averſion to the Engliſh government. Such a perſon was not in the leaſt qualified to be the tutor of a young gentleman of our hero's ſpirit, who looked upon him as a moſt arrant pedant. He deſpiſed every word that under the name of inſtruction dropped from his mouth, ſo that poor Jolter, in order to make the commodore believe that he had, at leaſt, in ſome meaſure diſcharged his duty, contented himſelf with writing down, from time to time, an account of the money that Peregrine ſpent.

Peregrine having procured a chariot, and all other ſorts of equipage, according to the faſhion of Paris, he made his appearance at all the places of public diverſion, and viſited the gardens and palaces. But one day as he was returning home, two carmen happened to meet in the ſtreets, and their carts being entangled, they both fell a boxing according to the mode of France. Pipes, who was then behind his maſter's coach, ſeeing one of the carmen on the ground, and the other belaboring him in the moſt unmerciful manner, jumped from his ſtation, and having ſet the defeated combatant on his legs, told him to fight boldly, and he would ſee fair play. Accordingly the combat was again revived, and there being another coach as well as our hero's interrupted by the engagement, one of the footmen, who

ſtood behind: ſtruck one of the combatants with his cane.

Pipes, who had true notions of honor, according to the ſyſtem of Engliſh boxing, laid hold of the cane, and began to lay it about the aggreſſor with great dexterity. The other footmen who were behind the coach, ran to the aſſiſtance of their brother. This new reinforcement did not in the leaſt intimidate Tom Pipes; for (graſping the cane) he drove two of the footmen off, and belabored the other in ſuch a manner, that he was glad to beg for mercy. The whole ſtreet was now in an uproar, for the perſon whoſe ſervants had been aſſaulted in this manner, was one of the princes of the blood, but being a nobleman of age and experience, and Peregrine having made ſome ſubmiſſion to him on account of his quality, his highneſs took him into his chariot, and treated him with every mark of reſpect. The prince, who perceived that our hero had more ſpirit and education than generally falls to one of his age, took him home to his own houſe, and treated him as if he had been his own ſon. He introduced him to his lady, and ſome other very reſpectable perſons, but he ſoon found that the French ladies paid no regard to any but ſuch as ſpend the whole of their time in gaming. Not that he had any intention to deſiſt from gaming, but he could not ſee with what propriety ladies, who pretended to the higheſt rank, could ſo far demean themſelves, as

to ſpend their time in acting a part that ſet them on the ſame footing as thoſe wretches whom we call common ſharpers.

Theſe conſiderations induced him to enter himſelf into a celebrated academy, where he became acquainted with ſeveral ſenſible people; but volatile diſpoſitions and habits, are not ſoon eradicated. This will appear evident from the following anecdote. Peregrine who like moſt other young gentlemen, was conſtantly in ſearch of new ſcenes of pleaſure, became acquainted with one of the polite girls of the town, and accordingly took her into keeping. For ſome time he imagined that ſhe was one of thoſe, who in conſquence of receiving a ſufficient ſubſiſtence, would be at leaſt faithful to him, but he was moſt wretchedly miſtaken, for one morning Pipes came into his room, and told him that he ſaw a young ſpark in laced clothes go out of her chamber.

Peregrine, who had at ſometimes a large command of his temper, took no notice of what was ſaid by Tom Pipes, but going towards evening to the houſe of his dulcinea, told her that he was obliged for that night to go on ſome buſineſs of importance to a diſtant part of the country. The lady, who was no ſtranger to all the arts of her profeſſion, pretended to be very much affected, but Peregrine taking leave of her with the ſtrongeſt profeſſions of love, returned to his lodgings, in order to prepare himſelf for the executing a ſcheme that he had formed. About twelve at

night, having given Pipes the cue, they both ſet out for the place, and knocked at the door, which was opened to them by a footman. Peregrine bolted in, and leaving Pipes to take care of the door, ran up ſtairs, and knocked moſt violently at the door of his dulcinea's apartment. Affairs were now in a very critical ſituation, but there being a window to the ſtreet, the viſitor dropped out of it, and ſo made his eſcape. Pipes, who happened to ſee him deſcend, made up to him, and belabored him with his cudgel, from one end of the ſtreet to the other, till being wearied with thraſhing him, he gave him up to the patrole, who took him into cuſtody for the night in a moſt wretched condition. Next morning the French gentleman was diſcharged, but the diſhonor of having been beaten in ſo vulgar a manner by an Engliſh footman, induced him to ſend a challenge to Peregrine, and both met together, where our hero came off conqueror, to the great mortification of the Frenchman, who was one of the officers of the guards.

Parſon Jolter was ſo much offended with the conduct of his pupil, that he threatened to leave him and return to England, but Peregrine having made ſome conceſſions, he was diverted from his deſign, and once more reſolved to ſpend ſome time longer in his beloved France. But ſtill nothing could reſtrain the impetuoſity of our hero's paſſions, for intrigue ſeemed to give life to all his actions.

One day as he was walking abroad to ſee ſome

of the public places, he met Mrs. Hornbuck, and in the moſt imprudent manner agreed to elope with her. Accordingly they ſet out together to a village near Paris, where they gave themſelves up to voluptuous pleaſure, till the poor huſband having found out the place of their reſidence, procured an order to take them both into cuſtody. The affair began to make a conſiderable noiſe in Paris, and it might have been attended with fatal conſequences, had not the Engliſh ambaſſador, a nobleman of great prudence, interpoſed ſo far as to repreſent our hero as a young man who had launched out into public life before he was acquainted with the world. In conſequence of that repreſentation our hero was ſet at liberty, but at the ſame time received a ſevere reprimand, with a poſitive injunction never to behave in the ſame manner for the future.

Soon after he was ſet at liberty, he went one day to viſit the public places, and in one of the galleries he met with two of his countrymen, one of whom was a phyſician, but one of the moſt arrant pedants that ever lived; on the other hand the painter, who was the companion of the doctor, was an ignorant fellow, who had ſuch an opinion of his own abilities, that all the ancient painters were conſidered by him as objects of contempt. With theſe two real originals in their way, our hero contracted an acquaintance, not ſo much from motives that could attach him to them on the principles of

virtue, as that they were objects whom he could laugh at. He attended to every thing ſaid by them, and could ſcarce refrain from laughing, when he heard that the painter condemned all the painters whoſe works had done honor to the Italian ſchools; and the doctor, inſtead of minding the duties of his profeſſion, ſpent the whole of his time in ſtudying the moſt ſuperficial parts of the Greek language.

Peregrine took the firſt opportunity to introduce his two new friends into the company of parſon Jolter, who received them in his uſual formal manner, but as ill-luck would have it, the doctor who had borrowed his notions of government from the Greek claſſicks, ſpoke with the utmoſt contempt of the French government, as being entirely deſpotic. On the other hand Parſon Jolter inſiſted that no form of government could be ſo good as that which enabled the prince to ſupport his prerogative, becauſe, in conſequence thereof, the people were kept in humble ſubjection, and none of them could find fault with the meaſures of adminiſtration. At laſt the diſpute aroſe to ſuch a height, that both parties would have gone to blows, had not Peregrine interpoſed, and with the utmoſt difficulty made the contending parties good friends. In the mean time the doctor, who was in every ſenſe of the word, abſorbed in the ſtudy of the claſſic authors, propoſed to have an entertainment, at Paris, according to the forms uſed

by the old Romans; and our hero, with Parſon Jolter were both invited as gueſts. Some other foreigners were invited at the ſame time, among whom was a German count, and an Italian Baron. Among other rarieties was a dormouſe pye, and a ſow's ſtomach ſtuffed with an hundred different ſorts of herbs. The painter exclaimed that the Romans were the moſt beaſtly fellows he had ever heard of, and the Italian taking the pye on his knees, the whole contents burſted into his breeches, and made him roar out in the moſt vociferous manner. The whole company was now one ſcene of riot and confuſion; the doctor ſaid all he could to apologize for the conduct of poor Pallate the painter, but all to no purpoſe, for every one was diſguſted.

It was in vain to call the company to order, and Peregrine, who was ſtill fond of intrigue, perſuaded the painter to accompany him to the opera. There having ſpent the evening, they made aſſignations with ſome girls, and were juſt on the point of returning home, when their coach was interrupted by one belonging to a prince of the blood. Peregrine would not give way, and Tom Pipes having acted in the moſt extravagant manner, the whole body of them were taked into cuſtody, and Peregrine, with the poor painter, were committed to the baſtile.

The faithful Tom Pipes, as ſoon as he returned home, went and informed the Engliſh ambaſſador, and in conſequence of his interpoſition, our hero and the painter were both ſet at liberty. Their releaſe, however, was procured upon con-

dition that our hero ſhould leave Paris in a ſhort time; and accordingly, as ſoon as he had taken leave of his friends, he ſet out for Flanders.

The painter now began to have the moſt contemptible opinion of the doctor, and during the whole of their journey the time was ſpent in mutual quarrellings, the one calling the other a fool, and his companion retorting by the epithet *pedant*. During the firſt day nothing was to be heard but diſputes concerning the difference between a monarchial and limited government, Parſon Jolter always taking part with the French, and the doctor at the ſame time condemning them.

About ſeven in the evening they arrived at an inn, where a ſupper was provided for them, and as the principal part conſiſted of rabbits, Peregrine had a ſtrong inclination to enjoy a little fun. He perſuaded Tom Pipes to come into the room, and tell the gueſts, that there was a ſkin of an old ram cat hanging in the kitchen, and he was ſure the body was to be ſerved up at the table. The painter, who had juſt then cut up a leg of the ſuppoſed cat, began to recollect that he had read the ſtory in Gil Blas of Scipio's, and therefore he would not eat any more. Parſon Jolter, whoſe ſtomach was not ſo very ſqueamiſh, told him that the people on the coaſt of France eat both cats and dogs, and that there could be no difference in the uſe of the animal, except what aroſe from vulgar apprehanſion or common inclination. This gave ſo much encouragement to the poor painter, that he proceeded to eat a little

more till a claw, that had been properly placed in the diſh by Pipes, happening to fall out, he dropped his knife, and fell into a ſwoon. The doctor did all he could to relieve his friend painter, to a ſtate of ſenſibility, and at laſt having in ſome meaſure affected it, they all went to bed, and next day continued their journey to Flanders,

During their journey, the doctor expatiated on the excellency of the roads of the antients, while Parſon Joiter repreſented thoſe in France as far ſuperior to any that ever had been ſeen.

In the evening they arrived in the neighborhood of Arras, but the gates being then ſhut, they were obliged to lodge in the ſuburbs. It is true, they might have ſpent the evening with a great deal of pleaſure, but as ill luck would have it, two French officers happened to come to the inn, and engaged in gaming with our hero. They were ſo well acquainted with the principles of gaming, that Peregrine ſoon found he had to do with a couple of ſharpers, and in the morning, when the landlord preſented his bill, which he did with fear and trembling, they told him that he was a moſt wicked raſcal, who thus thought to impoſe on the king's officers.

As ſoon as they were gone, the inn-keeper came into the room, and told our hero that it was common for the military officers to do ſo, for ſuch was the nature of the government in France. Peregrine, who had the moſt enlarged notions of government, could not help looking upon him in

any other light than as an enemy to the natural rights of mankind; but making the hoſt ſome amends for the injury he had received, he proceeded on his journey along with his company. From Arras they proceeded to Liſle, where our hero ſoon contracted an acquaintance with ſeveral Scotch officers in the Dutch ſervice, who had come there during the ſummer ſeaſon, to learn the art of war. One of the Scotch officers happened to be as great a pedant in the Greek language as the doctor himſelf, but then he had this advantage that he had read over the commentaries of the chevalier Follard.

Acquainted with fortification, as laid down by Vauban, he was convinced in his own mind that there was at leaſt ſome difference between ancient and modern fortifications. The doctor and the officer took a walk round the ramparts, and a diſcourſe enſued upon the the difference between ancient and modern fortifications. The Scotchman endeavored to ſhew, that all towns fortified according to the modern method, muſt be conſtructed in ſuch a way, as to be able to reſiſt the force of balls, whereas the doctor ſaid, that there was nothing could equal the methods uſed by the Greeks. This enraged the Scotchman ſo much that he challenged the doctor, but as the ſon of Æſculapius had no intention to fight, he applied to our hero, who accommodated matters in the moſt amicable manner.

One day as Peregrine was walking along the ramparts, he happened to fall into converſation

with one of the Knights of Malta, who bore a commiſſion in the French ſervice. The diſcourſe turned upon the Engliſh drama, which our hero vindicated to the ſatisfaction of the knight, who was himſelf a man of letters: but before they had done ſpeaking, Parſon Jolter arrived in a great hurry, and told them that Tom Pipes, having affronted a ſoldier, a great mob were gathered together, and that he was in danger of being killed. Peregrine hearing the danger his faithful Pipes was in, ran up to his aſſiſtance, and took along with him the knight of Malta, who ordered the ſoldier to be taken into cuſtody, and brought before him. It ſeems that Pipes, in his walk thro the town, had got into company with ſome Iriſh ſoldiers in the French ſervice, who treated him with great civility, but the ſubject of diſcourſe happening to turn upon politics, Pipes curſed the pope the pretender, and the French king, as well as all thoſe who were connected with either.

This was too high an indignity for the ſoldiers to put up with, upon which a battle enſued between them and Pipes, in which the latter would have had the advantage, only he had no other weapon to defend himſelf but his fiſts.

Peregrine was ſo much exaſperated at the conduct of Pipes, the he immediately diſmiſſed him from his his ſervice; and next day the whole company ſet out for Ghent.

The whole company, beſides our hero, the

painter, the doctor, and Mr. Jolter, conſiſted of a lady of pleaſure, a Jew broker, a capuchin Friar, and a young lady committed to the care of the latter.

Jolter diſputed with the Jew about the meaning of ſome words in the ſcriptures; the doctor ridiculed the capuchin; while the painter made love to the kept miſtreſs; and Peregrine attached himſelf the young lady. When the company had ſupped in the evening, they all retired to their own apartments; but Peregrine having made an aſſignation with the young lady, got up about midnight, and went privately to her chamber.

It happened that the woman of pleaſure lay in a bed in the ſame room, and the painter having got to the bedſide juſt at the ſame time that Peregrine got to the other; the capuchin, who had ſome ſuſpicions, crawled upon his all-fours, in order to make a diſcovery. He had ſcarce got up to the middle of the room when the painter felt his ſhaved head, and the prieſt, who was an arch wag, turning his jaws round, bit the fingsr of the painter in ſo ſevere a manner that he ſcreamed out fire! murder! theives! Peregrine was ſo much enraged, that he knocked the painter down, and then returned to his own apartment, in order to prevent a diſcovery.

Next night when they came to Aloſt, Peregrine made another attempt on the young lady, but Pallat the painter, who had not yet relinquiſhed his ſcheme, once more got into the room at the

ſame time. This ſo much exaſperated Peregrine, that he knocked him about till there was ſcarce any life left in him, and then decamping in the dark, the poor painter was put to bed. The doctor, who had been called out of bed to attend the patient, declared that he had been bit by a mad dog, and taking up the chamber pot, emptied the whole contents of it upon him. In the midſt of his fury the painter got up, and would have done ſignal execution on the doctor, had not he taken to his heels out of the room, and overturned Jolter in the paſſage, who tumbled like a dead log of wood into the kitchen. In the morning every thing being adjuſted, our travellers ſet out for Bruſſels, where Peregrine had not been long when he met accidentally with Mrs. Hornbuck, from whom he had been ſeparated at Paris. The two lovers met together every evening at a private houſe in the ſuburbs, but Mr. Hornbuck having diſcovered their retreat, hired two ſoldiers to lay hold of Peregrine upon his return home, and actually make him a eunuch.

As good fortune would have it, Tom Pipes, who had ſtill kept near his maſter, tho not perceived by him, happened to hear the conſpiratiors talking of their intended ſcheme, at a public houſe, and went and gave Peregrine information of the whole: our young hero had too much ſpirit to forget the behavior of Pipes at Liſle, and therefore refuſed at firſt to ſpeak with him, but the other convinced him of the nec-

eſſity he was under of being on his guard, upon which he was once more taken into favor.

A plan was now laid to defeat the ſcheme projected by Hornbuck: and in the evening, when the poor cuckold came to the place, he was dragged to the river, and ducked over head and ears; but his cries having brought the patrole to his aſſiſtance, our hero was taken into cuſtody. Parſon Jolter was quite confounded at the conduct of his pupil, but as he was ſtill under his care, he went to the governor of the city and procured his releaſe. They then ſet out for Antwerp, where they had not been long when Peregrine fomented a quarrel between the painter and the doctor, and nothing leſs than a duel was to decide the merits of the controverſy.

Pipes was made choice of as ſecond to the painter, and Peregrine to the doctor; but when they went on the ramparts, being both arrant cowards, they trembled like criminals who were going to be hanged. In vain did the the ſeconds endeavor to force them to action, they ſhrunk back, and the painter at laſt taking to his heels, Tom Pipes gave him a knock on the breech, which tumbled him down. The fall of the painter gave freſh ſpirits to the doctor, who making up to him, terrified him with a number of Greek verſes, which he repeated from Homer, and forced him to acknowledge that he had been defeated.

From Antwerp they proceeded to viſit the moſt

noted places in Holland, where they met with nothing worthy of their notice, upon, which Peregrine, with his companions ſet out for Harelem, and took ſhipping for Harwich in England, being deſirous of once more viſiting his native country.

As ſoon as he arrived in England. he went to viſit ſome eminent perſons, whoſe relations he had met with abroad, and then ſet out for the caſtle, where he was received by the good old commodore in the moſt gracious manner. All the poor cottagers who lived in the neighborhood, came to wiſh him joy on his return. and within a few weeks after he had the pleaſure of ſeeing his beloved ſiſter married to the young gentleman who had made his addreſſes to her before he went abroad. In the mean time his parents treated him in the ſame inhuman manner as before, but all this was made up by the goodneſs of the commodore.

Having attended the commodore with the moſt filial tenderneſs during a fit of illneſs, occaſioned by the gout, the old gentleman propoſed making over to him his whole eſtate, and to depend on him for a ſubſiſtance during the remainder of his life; but this was what our hero would by no means comply with. The commodore being in ſome meaſure recovered, he gave Peregrine leave to return to London, and in his way thither he met with Emilia and offered ſuch rudeneſs to her. that ſhe reſolved to have nothing more to do with him. This chagrined him ſo much, that he

left her mother's house in disgust; and soon after his arrival in London, met with her brother Godfrey, who, in consequence of his good behavior, had been advanced to a lieutenancy. After some days spent in the pleasures of the town, they both set out for Bath, where by their cunning and ingenuity they dispersed a whole gang of thieves. At the same time they practised so many roguish tricks on the physicians, that those sons of the great Æsculapius were put to the blush in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

At Bath they became acquainted with a certain lady, whose whole business was to entertain every promiscuous company in her house with no other view save that of procuring a name. Among others who visited her was one Mr. Crabtree, an old Welch gentleman; who, in consequence of some tricks that had been put upon him in his youth, became an enemy to all mankind, and was in the strictest sense of the word a misanthrope. That he might have it in his power to retail as much scandal as possible, he feigned himself deaf, so that the most secret things were mentioned in his company, without the least suspicion that he heard any of them.

With this person our hero contracted an acquaintance, and he soon perceived that he was no more deaf than himself. Peregrine was astonished to hear him repeat a vast number of anecdotes relating to the nobility, and the frailty of nature among the females, served only to stimulate his desires, in order if possible, to be able to

add one to the number of thoſe, who in conſequence of their levity had been ſeduced.

The commodore had been for ſome time in a bad ſtate of health, and Peregrine thought that he could not, conſiſtent with his duty, neglect to wait on him. Accordingly he arrived at the caſtle, where he was received with open arms of affection, and next day his generous benefactor departed this life. He had given the moſt particular directions concerning his funeral; and our hero notwithſtanding his volatile diſpoſition in other things, took care to have it celebrated according to his deſire.

The ſervants, whoſe hairs had become grey ſince they came to live with the commodore, lamented the loſs of an indulgent maſter, and the next day after his funeral the gentlemen in the neighborhood came to congratulate our hero on his being left in poſſeſſion of ſo ample a fortune.

Their principal deſign was to try if poſſible, to bring about a reconciliation between him and his mother, but all to no purpoſe, for ſhe remained as obſtinate as ever, and declared that Peregrine was not her ſon.

In the mean time, Peregrine having ſettled all his domeſtic affairs left the caſtle in order to return to London, but in his way thither he called at the houſe where Emilia lived, and in a moſt audacious manner made an attempt on her virtue. The young lady treated him with that contempt his conduct entitled him to, but as her

heart was not deaf to tender impreſſions ſhe conſented to give him her company at a maſquerade. She imagined that he would not purſue his ſcheme any further; but ſhe was miſtaken, for no ſooner was ſhe mixed with the croud, or rather the *herd*, than he made a ſecond attempt on her virtue, but was repulſed in the ſame manner as before, and to complete her misfortune, her uncle, who was her guardian, and had her under his protection, forbad him from coming any more to his houſe, unleſs he had an inclination to be ducked in a horſe pond.

Baffled in all his attempts, he was filled with the utmoſt chagrine, for ſuch is the violent impetuoſity of youth, that they are in general deaf to the voice of reaſon. They go on from one degree of extravagance to another, till it is too late to change, and they ſeek for pleaſure where it can never be found. Peregrine, in order to vindicate his character, wrote a long ſubmiſſive letter to Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother of Emilia, but the anſwer he received, ſerved only to convince him that ſhe looked upon him with the utmoſt deteſtation. This ſtimulated him to ſuch a height, that he reſolved never more to viſit the place, upon which, after returning to ſpend a few weeks at the caſtle, he reſolved once more to drown his cares in London. Upon his arrival in London, he met with his old friend Cadwallader the miſanthrope, who informed him concerning many curious paſſages relating to the intrigues

of the ladies of quality. One of them was a dutcheſs, who had on all occaſions proſtituted herſelf to thoſe who were kind enough to diſcharge her debts contracted at a gaming table, ſo that upon the whole ſhe was in a manner a diſhonor to her ſex. Another was one of thoſe ladies who pay no regard to moral obligation, and therefore having loſt her firſt huſband, whom ſhe married from motives of love, ſhe was by the orders of her father, who at that time was one of the commiſſioners in the cuſtom houſe, obliged to give her hand to an Iriſhman, who, taking him altogether, was one of the moſt inſignificant wretches that ever lived. They had not been long married, when the lady diſcovered ſuch averſion to her huſband, that ſhe began to intrigue with ſeveral of the young nobility, and actually went over with one of them to France, where they ſpent a whole ſummer together. At laſt ſhe returned to England, and finding no other way left, in order to ſupport her in her extravagance, ſhe once more threw herſelf into the arms of her huſband, and ſpent the remainder of her time in privacy.

Peregrine who had ſo much art, that ſcarce any thing could deceive him, reſolved to make himſelf merry at the expence of his fellow creatures. Accordingly he got Cadwallader to aſſume the character of a fortune-teller, and in conſequence thereof, he ſoon got acquainted with the many ſecrets that would otherwiſe have been buried in perpetual oblivion. To a young gentleman like

our hero, this could not fail of yielding a conſiderable degree of entertainment, and in conſequence thereof, he was at all times able to triumph over the moſt dignified female characters. Nothing was more common for him than to enter into an intrigue with a lady of quality, and as he knew well her prior character, he thought there could be no hurt in expoſing her for the favor ſhe had granted him. Peregrine, who never knew where to ſtop, when he wanted to indulge his favorite paſſion for ridicule, reſolved to give ſuch a mark of his ingenuity, as would tranſmit his name to all future ages.

Among the circle of his friends, he became acquainted with two notorious free-thinkers, or as we call them, deiſts, and theſe men having made a mock of all ſorts of apparitions, he contrived to raiſe a fictitious one, that actually frightened them into the utmoſt ſtate of ſuperſtition. The devil was repreſented as ariſing from hell, to take thoſe infidels along with him to the infernal regions, and notwithſtanding all the pretenſions that our deiſts had made, yet when they ſaw the old gentleman with the cloven foot appear, they trembled as an aſpin leaf, and for once declared, their deiſtical notions were not able to carry them thro in a day of adverſity. They could not help reflecting that the heathens believed there was a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, and that brutal fortitude to which they had ſo long attached themſelves, vaniſhed into nothing.

It was not long before our hero became celebrated for being one of the greateſt wits of the town. He took notice of the conduct of the different nobility and gentry who happened to be in his company, and he drew their characters according to the obſervations he had made. One in particular, who had been long repreſented as a patriot, or in other words a lover of his country, he repreſented, according to juſtice, as a moſt vile infamous debauchee, who had pretended to ſet up a ſcheme of reformation for the whole kingdom, while he knew at the ſame time that he was wallowing in luſt with ſeveral common proſtitutes. However volatile he might be in his own diſpoſition, he could not help treating with the utmoſt abhorence, thoſe wretches who ſet up for reformers of the nation, while at the ſame time their own houſes exhibit nothing but ſcenes of debauchery. In the public news papers, and many other periodical works, he endeavored to repreſent thoſe wretches in their lively colors, and ſurely nothing could be more commendable. Shall the debauchee ſet up to reform the nation and promote charity, when at the ſame time he knows that he is going on in a courſe of impunity? Shall the ſpendthrift attempt to teach economy to the people, while he knows at the ſame time that he is living above his circumſtances? In a word, Peregrine was convinced in his own mind, that private virtue and patriotiſm muſt, or at leaſt ought to, go hand in hand together, and therefore it will appear to ſome of

cur more ſenſible readers, that thoſe who are not capable to take care of their own affairs, will never be able to attend thoſe of a public nature. Indeed it is a notion that has been too much cultivated in the preſent age, that people may be wicked at home, and at the ſame time virtuous abroad, but this is inconſiſtent with the firſt principles of natural reaſon, for he that is faithful over little, will be faithful over much.

Lieutenant Hatchway had now been married ſome time to the widow of the commodore, but that lady had ſo far given herſelf up to drinking, that ſhe was ſeized with a dropſy, and there being no hopes that ſhe would recover, her huſband ſent Peregrine a letter in the ſtile of a ſeaman, deſiring his immediate attendance at the garriſon.

Peregrine no ſooner received the honeſt lieutenant's epiſtle, than he ſet out for the garriſon, where he found his aunt in the agonies of death, and ſtaid to perform the laſt offices to her, after which he returned, in order to viſit his companions in London. In his way to London he called on his friend Gauntlet, and had the good fortune to ſee him happily married to the young lady whom he had courted ſeveral years. Indeed Peregrine would have willingly married Emilia at the ſame time, but ſuch was his attachment to gallantry, that he ſtill entertained hopes, or rather wiſhes, of having it in his power to ſeduce that young lady, and to triumph over her ſhame.

Baffled however, in all his attempts on her vir-

tue, he ſet out for London, but had not been long there, when he returned to the garriſon on a viſit to honeſt Lieutenant Hatchway, who treated him with the utmoſt reſpect. Having ſettled ſeveral of his domeſtic affairs, he took leave of the Lieutenant, and in his journey picked up a young gypſey, whom he reſolved to take into keeping.

Tom Pipes was ordered to ſee her waſhed clean and dreſſed in a proper manner, and altho' her countenance had ſomething ferocious in it, yet ſhe was in many reſpects as agreeable as ſome of the court ladies. He introduced her to all the noted gaming tables, where ſhe made a very diſtinguiſhing figure, for it was but a ſhort time before ſhe made herſelf acquainted with all the tricks practiſed in theſe polite circles. But notwithſtanding her natural ruſticity, yet ſhe had the ſeeds of honeſty in her mind; for one evening at a gaming table, having diſcovered that one of the ladies was a dexterous hand at cheating, ſhe called her a damned bitch, and walking towards the door, bid her kiſs her arſe. The ladies preſent upbraided our hero with having palmed upon them a common trull, and he having been cloyed with poſſeſſion, gave her ſome money, and left her to make her fortune in the world in the beſt manner ſhe could, ſo that ſhe ſoon after became one of the women of the town.

Soon after he had diſcarded the young gypſey, he was adviſed by his old acquaintance Pallat, the painter, who had accompanied him in his journey from Paris to Flanders. The painter

had got ſome poor daubings of ſeveral capital works of the Flemiſh ſchools, and had propoſed to ſell them by ſubſcription, ſo that he was under the neceſſity of making himſelf acquainted with as many of the nobility and gentry as poſſible. Peregrine looked upon him with the utmoſt contempt, but as he knew him to be poor, he did not ſay any thing to diſcourage him.

In the courſe of their converſation, the ſubject turned upon gaming, and our hero, who was altogether of a volatile diſpoſition, embraced an opportunity that Pallat offered him, of being introduced to the acquaintance of Lord Sweepſtakes, who had for many years made the moſt diſtinguiſhing figure at Newmarket. As Peregrine had a conſiderable ſum of money at his diſpoſal, it was not long before he was fleeced of the greateſt part; for gamblers, let their ſtations be what they will, are no better than cheats.

Vexed to find himſelf bubbled in that ſcandalous manner, he reſolved to get into the miniſtry, and for that purpoſe ingratiated himſelf into the favor of a nobleman, who propoſed ſetting him up as a candidate for one of the rotten boroughs.

This led him into a freſh ſeries of expences, but the other candidate having by oppoſite intereſt become more ſucceſsful than Peregrine, he was obliged to ſit down with his loſs, and curſe both government and miniſters.

As Peregrine had good natural parts, he reſolved to become a dependant on the miniſtry, & in their vindication he wrote ſeveral very ſatirical

papers. This employment, however, was of too mean a nature to ſupport a young gentleman of our hero's ſpirit, eſpecially as the dignified nobleman gave him nothing but promiſes for all his trouble. It was natural for him under ſuch circumſtances to deſcend gradually to meanneſs, and notwithſtanding the elegant manner in which our hero had been brought up, yet he became every day more and more an object of contempt among all thoſe with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

Tortured with theſe melancholy reflections, he one day took a walk to the park, where he had not been long, when he was accoſted by his old friend Gauntlet; who, ſoon after his marriage, had been advanced to the command of a company. Gauntlet was accompanied by his wife and ſiſter, and no ſooner had our hero ſeen the latter, than all thoſe former emotions took place in his mind, that her perſon had firſt inſpired. He ſaid every thing he could think of in vindication of his conduct, but the young lady was extremely ſhy, and told him that nothing but a conſtant perſeverance in the practice of every moral duty, would intitle him to her favor. They converſed together ſometime, and when they took their leave, he ſwore everlaſting conſtancy to the object of his love, after which they parted for the preſent with very different ſentiments, for our hero was tortured with the thoughts of having incurred the diſpleaſure of his Emilia.

He next aſſociated himſelf with a club of au-

thors, moſt of whom were deſpicable wretches, but they were at the ſame time ſo proud, that they would not for ſome time make him acquainted with all their ſecrets. As his wants were daily encreaſing, he had recourſe once more to the miniſter, who had ſo long filled his mind with promiſes that he never intended to perform; but altho ſeveral lucrative places where then vacant, yet he was given to underſtand that they had all been diſpoſed of. This declaration of the miniſter mortified him ſo much, that he could not conceal his reſentment any longer, and therefore turning about, he left the preſence chamber in the utmoſt diſguſt. From the miniſter's houſe, he went to viſit the authors, whom he found engaged in a moſt violent diſpute concerning the merits of ſome of their performances.

Peregrine had but little to ſay, for as yet he was no more than a novice, but as ill luck would have it, in the midſt of the diſpute, a bailiff came with a writ againſt one of them. The defendant, who was no ſtranger to the power of catchpoles, no ſooner heard of his danger, than he jumped out of the window, and pitching upon the top of a ſedan, overturned it, with a young macaroni who had been dreſſed out in the higheſt taſte, in order to make his appearance at the opera. In the mean time he became acquainted with ſome of thoſe inſignificant wretches called antiquarians, who ſpend moſt of their time in looking over old coins and manuſcripts, that

cannot be read but by the help of magnifying glaſs, and an index to explain the contractions. He had the good fortune however, in conſequence of his political writings, to procure a ſmall penſion from the miniſter, which for ſome time was regularly paid but as he ſtill wiſhed for a ſettlement, he one day put the miniſter in mind of his promiſe, and as he did not receive a ſatisfactory anſwer, he went home and wrote him a letter, wherein he taxed him with duplicity, and the conſequence was, that he was inſtantly diſcharged. The affair of being diſcarded made ſome noiſe among thoſe at the head of affairs; but the miniſter, who was hackneyed in all the ways of iniquity, told them that our hero was diſordered in his mind, and for ſome time the ſtory was believed. In revenge for being treated in ſo diſgraceful a manner, he commenced a writer againſt the miniſtry, and treated the whole of their conduct with ſuch ridicule, that they became objects of deteſtation to all ranks of people in the nation.

But this did not anſwer his expectation, for the miniſter who had never entered into any agreement with him, cauſed him to be arreſted, and from a ſpunging-houſe he was removed to the Fleet priſon. There he found his confinement much better than is common in other priſons and he met with ſeveral perſons who did all they could to make his confinement as agreeable as poſſible. Among others, he met with a perſon who had ſpent his whole fortune,

in order to procure juſtice to an injuried young gentleman, but by a quibble in law, which will ever remain a diſgrace to juſtice, he had been nonſuited, and in conſequence thereof, not being able to pay his coſts, he was arreſted and committed to priſon.

The news of Peregrine being committed to priſon ſoon reached the ears of lieutenant Hatchway, who with all his foibles was really a good man. The honeſt lieutenant, in company with Tom Pipes, ſet out for London, and not knowing Peregrine was to be confined for life, propoſed taking lodgings along with him in the fleet.

Peregrine ſaid all he could to diſſuade them from ſuch a reſolution, but all that he could prevail upon them to do was to take lodgings in the ſame neighborhood. As it was their conſtant practice to viſit our hero two or three times in the day, and to ſpend the evenings with him, ſo one night while Crabtree, the miſanthrope was there, they happened to quarrel, and the poor Welchman was toſſed in a blanket. This was conſidered as ſuch an outrage, that the warden ordered that Hatchway and Pipes ſhould never be again admitted into the priſon, and in the mean time Peregrine gave himſelf up to all manner of ſloth and naſtineſs.

While he continued in this deplorable ſituation, his old friend Gauntlet, who had come to town in order to procure advancement in the army, came to the fleet to viſit him, and condoled with

him on the unhappy ſtate of his then circumſtances.

As good luck would have it, a perſon to whom Peregrine had lent ſome money, to equip him for an Eaſt India voyage, happened at that time to arrive in the Downs, and as he had met with conſiderable ſucceſs, he came to the priſon and paid the debt for which our hero had been arreſted.

Being thus at liberty, he went to viſit his old friend the lieutenant, who, notwithſtanding ſome diſputes that they had before, received him with open arms of friendſhip. He was informed by Hatchway, that his father had been dead ſome time, and that he had left his whole fortune to his ſon Gam. That was a moſt mortifying ſtroke to our hero, who notwithſtanding all the unnatural uſage of his parents, yet imagined that his father would have done him juſtice at laſt. This induced him to hold a conſultation with his friends, who were all of opinion that there was ſomething unfair, and that it would be neceſſary to make a proper enquiry into the nature of the will. This led to a diſcovery that the whole was a colluſion carried on by the intrigues of his mother, who had got a falſe will ſubſtituted in the room of the true one, to the injury of her eldeſt ſon. This led to a further enquiry, and upon the moſt mature deliberation the whole cheat was diſcovered. The noiſe occaſioned by this affair reached all over the country, but our hero, conſiſtent with his common notions of benevolence,

make a ſettlement on his mother and brother, after which he took poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and proved himſelf to be the real heir at law to his father, notwithſtanding all that had been done to injure him.

Having ſettled every thing of importance, he went to ſee his friend Gauntlet, and it was agreed upon between them to ſpend ſome time in the country. This was in a manner abſolutely neceſſary for our hero, who had been confined ſeveral months, in a priſon, as the principle reaſon was to bring about a match between the two lovers.

Gauntlet had a real friendſhip for Peregrine, and told him that he would do every thing in his power to bring about an eclairciſſement between him and his ſiſter. Accordingly our hero was indulged with an interview with his beloved Emilia, but ſhe was ſo much on the reſerve that it did not give him any ſatisfaction. Mortified at his diſappoinment he retired into another room, but had not been there long when he heard a dialogue between the brother and ſiſter, that gave him the moſt inexpreſſible pleaſure. Emilia ſaid ſhe had no objections to Peregrine, except ſuch as aroſe from the nature of his conduct, which on many occaſions had been very irregular. To this her brother anſwered, that whatever might have been his foibles, yet they were merely owing to the unguarded ſallies, of youthful imprudence, but as he had now returned to a regular diſcharge

of his duty as a man of honor and virtue, ſhe could not with the leaſt colour of reaſon have any objection to him.

Peregrine, who overheard this diſcourſe, was in a manner quite tranſported, and waited for an opportunity, of embracing his charmer, and running into her room flung himſelf at her feet in humble proſtration.

As ſhe could not bear to ſee him in that attitude, ſhe gave him encouragement to riſe, and then claſping her in his arms, he told her that he was forever devoted to her, and that he would live and die with her. She told him, that he had been ſo wicked, that he ought to have undergone a ſevere puniſhment, but as things then were, ſhe was willing at once to pardon him, and put up with a man for her huſband whom ſhe believed would be an arrant tyrant. In anſwer to this as he was ſcarce able to ſpeak, he told her that he had eighty thouſand pounds in money, which ſhould be at her ſervice, and as a proof of his ſincerity, he offered to lay the whole in her lap. So ſaying, he claſped her again in his arms, and ſealed the contract into which he had entered, with beſtowing a thouſand kiſſes upon her who was more dear to him than his life.

Every thing being ſettled for the nuptials, our hero ſet out for the commons, in order to procure a licence, by which his happineſs was to be ſealed. It is true Emilia made ſome objection to his being ſo precipitate in an affair of ſuch importance, but her brother, the captain,

having interpoſed, ſhe was brought to hearken to the voice of reaſon, and gave her conſent to the performance of the ceremony. Lieutenant Hatchway, who had never loſt ſight of our hero, reſolved to be preſent at the ceremony of the marriage, and as he always liked a little fun, he propoſed to make Peregrine drunk, previous to his going to bed. In that, however, he was diſappointed, for our hero was on his guard, and took care not to drink any more liquor than was neceſſary.

The ceremony being over, Tom Pipes danced like a madman, as if he had been on the forecaſtle of a man of war, while Hatchway regaled himſelf over a bowl of rum and water, in the ſame manner as if he had been on the quarter deck of the commodore's ſhip. At laſt the new married couple retired, and next day was ſpent in the utmoſt degree of feſtivity. From London they ſet out for the country, where our hero ordered the caſtle to be put in proper repair, and having ſettled every thing with his tenants he went to viſit his ſiſter, whom he found the mother of two beautiful young children.

He was, as well as his ſpouſe, received by her with every mark of reſpect, and rejoiced in having it in his power to contribute towards promoting her happineſs. He lived agreeably and happily with his dear Emilia, and ſhe ſoon made him a happy father.

Their friends and acquaintance looked upon themſelves as happy in being connected with two

perſons of ſo much worth, and their fame for the exerciſe of every benevolent action, reached to the exterior parts of the country, where their names were known.

Peregrine detached himſelf from every vicious practice, and day after day convinced his wife that he was far from being an object unworthy of her choice, or improper for her to place her affections upon.

To conclude this work it is neceſſary to take notice of what happened to the other celebrated perſonages who have been ſo often mentioned in it. We have already conſigned the commodore to the ſilent grave, and have ſeen that his widow, after having been married ſome years to Lieutenant Hatchway, paid the debt of nature, and was depoſited beſide her firſt huſband, or to uſe the ſea phraſe, ſhe was ſafely moored.

Lieutenant Hatchway ſurvived the marriage of our hero about two years, moſt part of which was ſpent in drinking his can of flip, and ſmoaking his pipe. He often wiſhed for war that he might have one opportunity more of giving orders on the quarter-deck; but as nothing of that nature happened, he was obliged to come to an anchor, and be laid up in an everlaſting dock.

Tom Pipes ſurvived him about three years, and was treated by Peregrine with every mark of reſpect, and what added moſt to his pleaſure was, that the lovely Emilia ſuffered him to have a hammock to ſwing in, as if he had been ſtill

on board, or in the garriſon. At laſt a violent ſtorm obliged him to ſlip his anchor, and as there was none ready to take him in tow, he went to bottom and was never after heard of.

The doctor whoſe feaſt had made ſuch a diſtinguiſhing figure at Paris and antwerp, returned to London, where he publiſhed propoſals for a tranſlation of Pindar from the original Greek; but not meeting with the ſucceſs he expected, he commenced writer for a bookſeller, and did every thing in his power to ridicule the Chriſtian ſyſtem. At laſt he became ſo notorious for his licentious writings, that an indictment was preferred againſt him, and being found guilty on the cleareſt evidence, he was committed to Newgate, till ſuch time as he ſhould pay a fine according to the judgment of the court. There he continued near two years in the utmoſt ſtate of penury, till at laſt being forced by neceſſity, he wrote in defence of adminiſtration, and in conſequence thereof procured his releaſe, and at the ſame time received a penſion of three hundred pounds a year, by the interceſſion of thoſe in power.

The miniſter of ſtate, by whoſe cruelty our hero had been ſo long vilely oppreſſed, was, in conſequence of a change at court, turned out of all employments, and ſpent the remainder of his time in fomenting ſchemes to croſs the meaſures of government. At laſt he died, not only unpitied, but even hated by all thoſe who had formerly known him, nor was there one left to ſhed

a tear over his grave. He had domineered over his fellow ſubjects while he was intruſted with power, but no ſooner were his remains laid in the grave, than ſome of the meaneſt of them trod on them.

Pallat, the painter, who was one of the moſt arrant blockheads that ever lived, publiſhed propoſals for ſome of his daubings, but they were executed in ſo wretched a manner, that he became an object of deteſtation to all thoſe who knew him. His family was reduced to want, and his creditors becoming clamorous, he was arreſted, and glad to take up the ſame lodgings in the Fleet, from which our hero had been ſo fortunately delivered. There he remained till he was ſet at liberty by an act of inſolvency, and the reſt of his days were ſpent in penury, which would have been ſtill greater, had not our hero contributed towards his aſſiſtance.

With reſpect to our hero, he ſoon obtained a ſeat in parliament, and made a moſt diſtinguiſhing figure as a a Britiſh ſenator. His family increaſed in the courſe of time, and ſuch was his benevolence, that he never loſt ſight of ſuch opportunities as put it in his power to be ſerviceable to his fellow creatures. From the whole of theſe circumſtances we may learn, that it is never too late to refrain from vicious courſes, and that whenever information takes place, beneficial conſequences will follow. Such is the nature of things in this world, that we never know when

o form a judgment till we are directed by the
onſequences, and this ſhould teach us to watch
ver every part of our conduct, and to make it
ppear to the world that we are not unworthy
nembers of ſociety.

SELECT SENTENCES,

Worthy obſervation of the preſent age.

A MAN may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend think yourſelf happy. When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavor to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Complaiſance, or as Lord Cheſterfield calls it, the *ſuaviter in modo*, renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhows want of breeding. That civility is beſt which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

None more impatiently ſuffer injuries than thoſe who are moſt forward in doing them.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that where the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom to be miſerable to day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to morrow.

The man who is deſtitute of good ſenſe, is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem. The wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous; the reſt of the world him who is moſt wealthy.

A good man will love himſelf too well to loſe, and his neighbors too well to win, an eſtate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that ſparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, becauſe few things appear new to them.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with reſpect, and to pleaſe without adulation; and is equally remote from an inſipid complaiſance, and a low familiarity.

Nobility is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be attained. Titles of honor conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon

he rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

He that lies in bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day; he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Fine ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying in other words, that he is wiſer to day than he was yeſterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons of ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that they are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers; as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been picking.

The eye of a critic is often like a miſroſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

Honor is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean, but a necessary substitute for it in societies who have none; it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over the modern, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvements. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine who follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

THE GHOST.

A London gentleman went to see his relations in the country. The house was full, a wedding being celebrated there. Only one room was vacant. There no one chose to sleep, as it was supposed to be haunted. The London spark had no fear about him, and said he would sleep

there. He fell asleep. About three in the morning he was wakened by the opening of the door, and the enterance of young women in appearance, with only a night dress an head, ann shoift nn. This lovely appearence walked two or three times about the room, and at length laid itself down on the bed. The young gentleman did not much like his unknown bedfellow. He lay as far as he could on the other side. After sometime he perceived his bedfellow breathe, and supposing her to be true flesh and blood, and no phantom, he ventured to touch her. He was confirmed in his opinion, and finding a ring on her finger, he gently took it off. She lay some time, and he did not disturb her. She then got up, and went out of the room as she came in. The young gentleman perceived how the room was haunted, by a female walking in her sleep. The morning came. The family were inquisitive about him. He desired the family might be summoned, when lo! the ring fitted the eldest daughter's finger, who had been in great tribulation about the loss. "This, Sir," said he to the father, "is the lovely spirit which haunts the room." She declared herself perfectly ignorant; but was convinced of its truth because of the ring. "Well, Sir," said the father, "if you have no objection, since my daughter has been to bed to you, you shall go to bed to my daughter; and there is 5000l. for her portion." The match was that day consummated.

The following advertisement appeared in the Dublin Universal Advertiser, about twelve months ago. As they exhibit the rivalship of two Frizures eminent in their profession, it cannot be unentertaining.

ADVERTISEMENT I.

SIGNIOR Florentini, having taken into consideration the many inconveniences which attend the method of hair dressing, formerly used by himself, and still practised by M St. Laurent, humbly proposes to the ladies of quality in this metropolis, his new method of stuccowing the head in the most fashionable taste, to last with very little repair during the whole session of parliament. Price only five guineas.

FLORENTINI.

N. B. He takes but one hour to build up the head, and two for baking it.

Answer by ST. LAURENT.

WHEREAS dere have appear vone scandalous avertisement of Signor Florentini, moch reflection on Mr. St. Laurent's capacite for hair-dressing; he defy said Signor Florentini to tell any

inconvenience dat do attend his methode, odewiſe he ſhall conſider ſaid Florentini as bouteſeu and calumniateur.

St. LAURENT.

ADVERTISEMENT II.

FLORENTINI, *who was not ſo good at Engliſh as the other, replies by his interpreter.*

WHEREAS Mr. St. Laurent has challenged Signior Florentini to produce an inſtance where his (St. Laurent's) method of hair dreſſing is inconvenient to the ladies; he begs to obſerve, that three rows of iron pins thruſt into the ſkull, will not fail to cauſe a conſtant itching, a ſenſation that muſt diſtort the features of the face, and diſable it ſo that a lady by degrees may loſe the uſe of her face; beſides the immenſe quantity of pomatum and powder, laid on for a genteel dreſſing, will after a week or two breed mites, a circumſtance very diſagreeable to gentlemen who do not love cheeſe; and alſo affords a fetid ſmell not to be endured. From which, and other objections too tedious to mention, Signior Florentini apprehends his new method is entirely free, and will admit of no reaſonable exception whatever.

FLORENTINI.

ST. LAURENT *replies.*

HAH! hah! hah! dere is no objekſhion den to Signior Florentini's way of friziug de hare of fine ladie? I ſhall tell him von, two, three. In de fourſt place, he no conſider, dat his ſtuccow will be crack, and be break by de frequent jolts to vich all ladies are ſo ſobject, and dat two hour baking vill ſpoil de complekſhon, and hort de eyes. And as to his ſcandaleuſe aſperſhon dat my method breed a de mite, ſo odious to gentlemen who do not love de cheeſe, I ſay 'tis falſe and malitiouſe; and to make good vat I do ſay, I do invite all gentlemen of qualitie to examine de head of de Counteſſe of——(vat I had de honor to dreſs four week ago) next Monday at twelve o'clock, thro Monſieur Cloſent's great microſcope, and ſee if dere be any mite dere, or oder ting like de mite vatever.

N. B. Any gentleman may ſmell her ladyſhip's head ven he pleaſe.

The controverſy ended in a duel, but no hurt; as the combatants behaved like flaſh and fribble; but what ever was the cauſe, it is certain the monſtrous faſhion ſoon ceaſed; and in a few months the ladies recovered their natural proportion, and became a piece of themſelves.

FINIS.